LOVE
FOR
MONEY:
OR, THE
Boarding School.
A
COMEDY.

Written by Mr. *DURFEY.*

LONDON:

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To the Right Honourable

Charles Lord Viſcount Lanſdown,

Count of the Sacred *Roman Empire*, Baron *Glanvile* of *Kilkhampton*, Lord Lieutenant of the Counties of *Devon* and *Cornwall*, and Governour of the Royal *Cittadel* and Town of *Plymouth*.

My LORD,

THO the Favour my generous and worthy Friends have done me in vindicating this COMEDY *againſt the ridiculous Malice of a prejudic'd Party be very conſiderable, and I ought to be extreamly well ſatisfied with my preſent good Fortune, yet is not my Contentment perfect, till I am ſo happy to lay it to your Feet; and by your unqueſtion'd Merit, Judgment and noble Patronage, ſecure the Credit of theſe printed Sheets in the reading, as the Applauſe of the Impartial, and Judicious, have already done in the Preſentation.*

The Character your Lordſhip leaves amongſt all Perſons of Honour and Worth, has encourag'd my Ambition to aſpire to this Honour; and tho the Trifle which I humbly Dedicate to you, has not merit enough to defend me from being thought too preſuming, yet the dutious Deſire and Zeal I have to ſerve your Lordſhip, and expreſs my Gratitude for your abundant Favours all manner of ways, will I'm ſure, by your generous Nature, that never frown'd on an addreſſing Author, nor diſcourag'd Wit, tho in its meaneſt quality, be receiv'd as I intend it. I have too long had the Honour and Happineſs to know your

Lordship to be ignorant of your great Modesty, when you are oblig'd to hear any thing relating to your own Praise; and I most humbly beg you to believe, that I have not so much of the Authors common Quality, and which we see so generally us'd in all Dedications, that I do pretend to flatter Merit like Yours, or offend your Eyes with an Encomium upon your Virtues, which perhaps no Poet has Wit or Skill enough to do you Justice in, and which your uncommon Modesty, and admir'd Humility I'm sure would discourage in us if we could.

The Panegyrical Part then of a Dedication, which I confess I cannot forbear to think reasonable here, because I know it would be just in a manner quite laid aside, for what can I say in your Praise, that our little World here does not already know, your Early Courage and Bravery of Soul, has made its Course like the Sun, and in relation to Europe, *has almost extended it self as far, especially where Honour was to be got, or any glorious Action was going forward; and as I believe 'tis impossible for any Person to give a better accompt of the Sieges of* Vienna *or* Buda *then your self, you omitting no Enterprise that could either signalize your Courage, or satisfie your Curiosity, so 'tis as obvious to the World, that the Great* Leopoldus *by the glorious Spread Eagle, so royally bestowed and nobly added to your Houshold Coat, sufficiently gave a Testimony that nothing but extraordinary Worth could be capable of gaining such an Honour.*

This my Lord is so poor a Diminution of so extensive a Merit, that I'm afraid I shall rather be accused of Injustice than Flattery: for saying any thing in your Praise could not be done without saying much more than this, especially should I consider like a right Author, that the Muses are as much oblig'd to you for your generous Incouragement and Protection, as your Country is for Loyalty, Love and Resolution.

To

The Epistle Dedicatory.

To be Patron both of Arts and Arms is a Title my Lord worthy of you, and which the Actions of your Life daily demonstrate, that you will more and more deserve, for whilst the Sons of Mars *admire your Experience in War, and the Sons of* Apollo *your Acquirements of Wit and Judgment, no Name can appear fairer in the Book of Fame, nor no Worth better deserve to have a Subscription there.*

And as I cannot, my Noble Lord, but think it very reasonable for extraordinary Persons to be rewarded with Blessings as extraordinary; so I cannot enough express my hearts entire Joy, that the very Best that Heaven can bestow is lately fallen upon you, in the Possession of so much Vertue *and* Beauty, *which to her lasting Fame is so gloriously exalted, that even* Sacred Majesty, *our never enough Renown'd* Royal Mistress *(than whom none is more Learn'd in the Eternal Volumes of Goodness,) is full of her Aplause, and that this extreameſt Happiness which now you possess, may Crown your Days and Nights to all Eternity, is the unfeign'd and real wish of*

My LORD,

Your Lordships most humble

and most Devoted

T. DURFEY.

To

PREFACE.

IF I were now half fluſtred with Drinking, and deſign'd to be malicious, as ſome of my back Friends were the firſt day this Play was Acted, I could make as ridiculous a deſcription of their Behaviour in the Pit as my Comick Characters make of others upon the Stage; but prejudice taking no effect, and I owning my ſelf ſober, reſolve to deſiſt from any Acts of Hoſtility in that kind; and could wiſh that my hiſſing Antagoniſts of the *Nimble Craft* had as ingeniouſly borne a little comical Diverſion where no Reflection was ſingular, and which my courteſie and good nature took ſuch care not to expoſe in any particular perſon, rather than by a noiſie exploding of what the Judges of Wit allow deſerv'd it not, do themſelves that Injury which I never intended, by rend'ring themſelves fit to be laugh'd at, for ſeeming to be netled at what they might reaſonably find, if they had been pleaſed to conſider it, could never give them occaſion.

I confeſs, if what has been malitiouſly told to ſome Perſons of Honour (Judges of Senſe and Gratitude) to whom I've the happineſs to be known, were true, *viz.* That I liv'd at a Boarding School near *London* all laſt Summer, and in return of their hoſpitable Civility, writ this Play ungratefully to expoſe 'em, I could not defend my ſelf from being really as guilty as they muſt naturally think me; but my Stars were ſo happy to give an occaſion of ſatisfying theſe noble perſons to the contrary before the Play was acted; and I now think it reaſonable to inform the Reader, and the Town in general, that I never was oblig'd more than for common Courteſies (*en paſſant*) to any of 'em, which I may fairly ſay, I have equally return'd, and without Reflection upon their Houſe-keeping, in ſpite of Revolutions, have always been ſo lucky not to have the neceſſity of being troubleſome to them

for

for maintenance, or accept of any Courteſie which I could not, or did not, return.

And tho after the poor and envious Injury of endeavouring to explode a thing right or wrong, I ought to be proud of my Conqueſt, which has done me the favour of ſhewing not only the power, but number of my Friends, and totally at their own Weapon routed my Enemies, yet will I not expoſe my ſelf by an unneceſſary boaſt, nor ſide with them in their opinion that this Comedy was written purpoſely to reflect on a particular Family to whom I had a prejudice, for I utterly diſown any ſuch thing; for had prejudice excited me, I might have fix'd my Characters accordingly, and given ſome occaſion to 'em to be exaſperated, which I'm ſure my Comedy has not done, all the Scenes being general, and no Character nor Dreſs ſhewn particularly; nor can any Poet be blam'd for ſhewing this new humour of a School, when even our Senate Houſe, nay the Church, have been contented to ſuffer themſelves to be the Subject of our Comical Diverſions; and as to the painted Scene which ſome cavil at, it might have been *York* as well as *Chelſey*, if the Beauty of the Place had not given me occaſion to fix there.

And now to ſhew that even our little Railery in Plays, tho intended meerly for mirth only, yet have power to diſturb even the Men and Women of the greateſt Senſe, who are byaſs'd by other people who miſchievouſly reſolve to place the Reflection upon the wrong perſons, it has been to my amazement told me, that ſome Words in the beginning of Lady *Addleplot*'s part, reflect upon a certain noble perſon now in diſtreſs, whom by all that's ſacred I am and ever was ſo far from reflecting on, or doing the leaſt unmanner'd Injury in that kind, that I am ſorry from my Soul for his Misfortune; and if they pleaſe to conſider of the time when this Play was written, being in *June* laſt, they will find 'tis impoſſible for him, amongſt all mankind, to be the Subject of that Scene, which touches no particular, nor perſon of Quality, but common Ruffians in general.

As to the Comedy it ſelf, the Succeſs it has had is ſo well known, that I need give no further relation, only I muſt acknowledge my ſelf ſenſibly oblig'd both to the Patentees and Sharers for dreſſing it ſo well, and to all the Actors in general for their extraordinary performance: And as Comedy, tho never ſo good, leſſens it ſelf

to

to the Reader wanting its taking Ornament of Action; so if this chance to meet with moderate liking from the Judicious, and those that have so generously appear'd my Friends, I shall beg leave to make use of a Couplet of the late famous Earl of *Rochester*, and say,

If but some few whom I omit to name
Approve my sense, I count their Censure, Fame.

DRAMA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR *Rowland Rakebell*, A covetous mercenary vicious swearing atheistical Old Fellow, Uncle to *Amorous*, who by cheating an Infant Orphan to whom he was Guardian, possessed an Estate of 3000 *l.* a Year. By Mr. *Underhill*.

Jack Amorous, A witty Extravagant of the Town, generous and well natur'd, but so extreamly given to Women, that he keeps a Jilt, and has spent his Estate upon her. Mr. *Mountfort*.

Will. Merriton, A witty modest well-bred Gentleman, tho of small fortune, a great lover of Learning, and skill'd in Philosophy, Poetry, and Musick. Mr. *Hodson*.

Old Merriton, His Father, an honest, religious, conscientious Gent. that privately plac'd *Mirtilla* in a Boarding School, and maintains her unknown to Sir *Rowland*. Mr. *Freeman*.

Nedd Bragg alias *Captain Bouncer*, An impudent lying Town Sharper of infamous Birth and no Merit, yet being kept by Lady *Addleplot*, wears rich Cloaths, keeps high Company, and passes for a Captain. Mr. *Powel*.

Old Zachary Bragg, Father to *Ned*, an ignorant old blunt peevish Granadeer of King *William*'s Army, that by his stupid bluntness always shames his Son in Company, and hectors him into an Allowance. Mr. *Bright*.

Deputy Nicompoop, Deputy of a Ward, a softly sneaking uxorious Citizen, Husband to L. *Addleplot*, and ridiculously fond of her and the Romp his Daughter. Mr. *Dogget*.

Monsieur Le Prate, An impertinent, noisie, singing, dancing, prating, French Fop, perpetually gabling in Company, and crying up the Actions of the French King. Mr. *Bowen*.

A Singing Master. Mr. *Kirkham*.

A Dancing Master. Mr. *Bowman*.

A Presbyterian Parson: Mr. *Peire*.

WOMEN.

Lady Addleplot, A lusty flaunting imperious Lady, a highflown Stickler against the Government, and always railing at it and talking of Politicks. — Mr. *Anthony Leigh*.

Lady Stroddle, Her Companion, a Papist and Grumbler. Mrs. *Richardson*.

Mirtilla, The Orphan, witty, modest, and virtuous, kept privately at a Boarding School by *O. Merriton*, and true Heiress of 3000 *l.* a year. Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

Miss Jenny, Daughter to Lady *Addleplot*.

Miss Molly, Daughter to *Nicompoop* --- Two tawdry hoyden overgrown Romps of the Boarding School. Mrs. *Knight*, Mrs. *Davies*.

Betty Jiltall, A cunning, singing, weeping, wheedling, toying, chattering, mercenary Town Jilt, kept by *Amorous*, that imposes upon him, and preaches fondness meerly for interest. Mrs. *Butler*.

Crowstitch, Teacher to the Boarding School. Mrs. *Cory*.

Tearshift, Woman to Lady *Addleplot*. Mrs. *Osborn*.

Oyley, Woman to *Jiltall*. Mrs. *Leigh*.

Constable, Musitians, Guards, Mob, Footmen, and Attendants.

The Scene *CHELSEY*, by the River. The time 36 hours.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

WHen Criticks come reſolv'd to damn a Muſe,
What Wit can pleaſe, what Prologue can excuſe?
'Tis vain endeavour to unblind their eyes;
Of ſuch inveterate force is prejudice,
Poor harmleſs Plays can draw a Party's hate
As if 'twere Revolution of a State:
And with ſuch force your Batteries are engag'd,
As if you took the Stage, for *Mons*, beſieg'd.
If in a character a Fool we ſhow,
'Tis ten to one it angers ſome Town Beau;
Or if ſome boyſt'rous Females Rampant Tricks
That cuckolds Husbands, and talks Politicks,
As *Lee*'s part now —— that ſtraight muſt needs abuſe
Some Stickler in the Ladies Coffee Houſe,
Tho no Reflection is intended here;
And I dare ſwear, the Poet ne'r was there.
Or if we ſhow the humours of a School
Offending none, Still ſome will play the Fool;
Some dancing Critick, in deſpite of Wit,
Shall ſwear, we do it to offend his Kitt,
And raſhly, his dull City friend poſſeſs,
That our Romps here — are meant, his Babes of Grace;
Tho all true Judges no Reflection find,
And nothing but diverſion is deſign'd.
The Poet thinks then, finding that this is true,
Implores th' aſſiſtance of the generous few,
Aſſuring them they ſhall diverted be
If th' Malecontents will let 'em hear and ſee:
You all can judge of Plays as well as they
Party as wiſe, and ſure pretend we may
To be as ſtrong too at this time of day.
Thus low then he addreſſes to you all,
Your favour can his doom proſcrib'd recall
And 'tis by you that he muſt ſtand or fall.
He has done nothing here to make 'em foes,
No Worth nor no Opinion does expoſe,
But only harmleſs comick Humour ſhows.
As to the Ladies,
He ſays, he would not, nor he dares not wrong 'em,
There are no Romps nor rampant Wives among 'em,
Nor Jilts; — yet in ſome hole ſhould there be one
That will make *Lee*'s, or *Jiltall*'s part her own,
Her Hiſs beyond applauſe he muſt prefer,
A Clap would now more pernicious be from her.

LOVE

Love for Money;

OR, THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Young Merriton *and* Amorous.

Merr. HA, ha, ha, ha, thou art the pleasant'ſt Fellow —

Amor. Nay, prithee ſuſpend thy damn'd critical Cenſure till I have told thee the Plot, and then if thou laugh'ſt at me;

Merr. I ſhall have cauſe, hah —

Amor. No gad not unleſs ſtrength of Judgment, exquiſite Wit, admirable Contrivance, and the reſt of the noble Ingredients that qualifie a brain for things extraordinary, can give cauſe.

Merr. Very well Sir, we ſhall judge of that preſently; proceed:

Amor. Art thou ſolid then? is thy face ſet?

Merr. Not a line out of order, as grave as a Country Vicar expounding at Catechize: When d'ye begin?

Amor. Thus then, I need not tell thee, to prolong the ſtory, the Extravagancies of my ungovernable Minority, thy ſelf always being a ſpectator of 'em, tho no friend to 'em; nor need I expoſe my own paſſionate Inclinations for that delicious Creature Woman, whoſe ſweet dear bewitching Sex I ſtill cannot repent adoring, tho it has been the utter ruin of my Fortunes, my dear *Betty* whom I now live withal, charming me as much in this my worſt and loweſt Ebb, as when I was a Flutterer at the Court with Coach and Six and gawdy Equipage.

Merr. Prithee take my counſel Friend, and do not doze and ſlumber o'er thy ruin: I lately came thou know'ſt from the Univerſity, and for ſelf ſatisfaction muſt confeſs, a great part of my ſtudy there was Woman, that dear damn'd tempting Sex as thou haſt call'd 'em; I made Remarks from Rules of Phyſiognomy, ſtudied Complexions, knew whether black or fair were true or falſe, all Female Pinaces, and how much Love would freight 'em; even blinded my own with poring on black Eyes, to find their ſubtle motions; and for Noſes, I knew all Natures from the high Roman Arch, to the ſharp little turn-up Noſe that ſtands as if 'twere ſet i'th' face to hang one's Hat on.

Amor. Very well Sir, and what does your learned Worſhip infer from this?

Merr. Now I come to thee; This skill, amongſt the reſt of that Soul-gaining tribe, has taught me to obſerve thy *Betty*, thy deareſt Charmer as thou fondly call'ſt her, and tho fond love muffle her faults from thee, I can perceive, and plainly, her forth Actions, and muſt take the freedom of a friend to tell thee, ſhe's falſe and does abuſe thy Love.

Amor. Impoſſible! her gratitude would ſecure me from ſuch a baſeneſs, if I had no merit to deſerve her; which, begging excuſe of your ſeverity, I ſhall not altogether believe Sir; beſides, her beauty and agreeable behaviour make ſuch a large impreſſion on my heart, all other joy is pal'd and unpalatable, like Wine uncover'd to the Summer Air. She's all that Luxury could wiſh to pleaſe it.

I look abroad, and ſee the young, Toſt, fair,
Then turn me round, and find 'em all in her.

Merr. Nay, if you are upon your Raptures I have done with you.

Amor. Beſides, I have given her frequently luſty ſums of gold the more to endear her to me, and that I'm ſure is the Lovers beſt proof of his Affection.

Merr. Yes falſe, and the worſt of his diſcretion.

Amor. Diſcretion! why thou talk'ſt like a Shop-keeper weighing of ſoap; a manager of ſenſe by drams and ounces; Diſcretion is a ſpurious brat begot between ſolid Dulneſs and ſophiſticated Reaſon; a ſtaple Commodity for cheating in Trade, upon the Royal Exchange; a virtue in Country Graziers that would ſell Horſes or buy Sheep; the dull Companion of bob-tail'd Chaplains newly come from the College, for whom Diſcretion is as good an Epethite, as Circumſpection is for one that ſquints; but amongſt the *Beaux Eſprits* and men of ſenſe, it, was, and ever will be, the jeſt of Converſation, and the ſcandal of good Company.

Merr. Handſomly troll'd off i'faith; and this you ſtedfaſtly believe?

Amor. Moſt conſcientiouſly; I have known your diſcreet perſon wear his Cravat thrice inches from his neck, wipe his noſe on his ſleeve, act the Mute in witty Company three hours together, cram himſelf with other Peoples jeſts to vent 'em dully as his own at home, get his Cookmaid with Child in the Kitchin, and every night in the Parlour expound againſt Whoring, with a pox to him.

Merr. But did'ſt thou ever hear that he ſettled three hundred pounds a year upon her, as thou haſt on *Betty*? hah. Prithee was not that want of diſcretion? wert thou not a Cully for that?

Amor. Not at all; no damn him, a Cully is a dull ſenſeleſs Rogue bubled and trick'd out of his Eſtate by ſubtlety. I can own my ſelf an Extravagant, but no Cully; what ſhe has I gave her as a *quantum meruit* for her Love, and not through impoſition on her part; ſhe did endear my generous Faculty, but cheated me of nothing; and there is as much difference between *Timon* of *Athens* Generoſity, and Sir *Timothy Baſhfop*'s laviſh Folly, as between the Courage of a brave Officer bred in a Camp and a ſneaking Captain of the Country Militia.

Merr.

Merr. Well, well, but thou forget'ſt the Plot all this while.

Amor. I beg thy pardon: To gain then another Eſtate to make amends for what I have ſquander'd away, *Betty* and I, being newly return'd from *Flanders* where we made ſhift to melt the laſt 2000 *l.* are involv'd in a Deſign, and ſuch a one, that were *Nick Machiavel* alive he'd be aſham'd of his Inſufficiency, and thou only, as my deareſt friend, I have thought fit to truſt in't.

Merr. Come on then, lets hear.

Amor. Thou ſhalt, and what will make thee wonder, know then, that tho I have lately brag'd of my own Abilities, 'tis to thy Father that I am principally oblig'd.

Merr. My Father! prithee how?

Amor. Thou haſt heard, no doubt, of old Sir *Rowland Rakehell* a rich Uncle I have here in *Chelſey*.

Merr. Pox, ev'ry body has heard of him, there is not ſuch another drunken, roaring, wicked, debauch'd old Dog in the whole Pariſh; I hear he was try'd for his life once for making away a young Orphan Heireſs to whom he was Guardian, whoſe Eſtate he now enjoys of three thouſand pounds a year.

Amor. He was ſo, and but for ſubornation of Witneſſes, and Money, had mounted for't: well, he is to do my buſineſs however, and in this manner; Thy Father, to whom I am faith moſt infinitely oblig'd, had, it ſeems, ſuch a near acquaintance with that young Orphan's deceaſed Parents, that he can give account of every paſſage between 'em, the very particulars of the Will, the moſt remarkable Jewels left, and each other thing of moment committed before their death to the charge of my confounded Uncle.

Merr. Very well Sir, and what of this?

Amor. Why this will produce the beſt plot in the World; for inſtructed by him who knows all their Concerns, it is contriv'd to dreſs up my *Betty* as if ſhe came from the Indies, to which place 'tis ſaid the other was kidnab'd, and top her upon my Uncle inſtead of the true Orphan.

Merr. But can my Father give any noted demonſtration?

Amor. To every point, and ſo ſubſtantially (for elſe 'twere an empty Undertaking) that it will put the old Hell-hound into ſuch a fright, that he'll be glad to part with a good round Settlement to me, to ſecure the reſt: what think'ſt thou?

Merr. Faith it looks with a good face I confeſs.

Amor. I therefore have agreed to place her at a Boarding School that the buſineſs may look the more grave.

Merr. Where I ſhall be the better able to aſſiſt thee, having an admirable Intrigue of my own there.

Amor. Haſt thou? gad that's rare, what is't a pretty Whore?

Merr. A Whore! the Devil's in thee, thou think'ſt all Women are of that ſort.

Amor. That ſort, ay, and the beſt ſort too; that's an Article of my Creed faith.

Merr. Thou art a lewd Fellow, and can'ſt not reliſh an Intrigue of honour.

Amor. Not well faith, tho I had lately like to have engag'd in ſuch a buſineſs with a pretty young Tit ſince I came over, and in that very School thou talk'ſt of too, had not thy wiſe Father, who gad I believe has ſtudied my Conſtitution, diverted me to purſue this Plot upon my Uncle; and faith I confeſs I was willing enough to leave it off, for an Intrigue of honour is in my ſenſe juſt like a tedious Fox chaſe, a man is forc'd to ride a long dirty Race out of the way for a purchaſe neither worth his time nor his trouble; however, I'll be thy good Genius for once, and propheſie thou ſhalt proſper: for if Wit, Poetry, Muſick, and all the noble Qualities that build up true perfection in a man are capable of winning her, ſhe's thine.

Merr. Oh Sir, no flattery to your friend; yet I muſt own, tho Poetry be a drug to the dull part of the unthinking World, it is to her a Jewel worth her prizing; ſhe's skill'd in Books friend, a rarity in Women, eſpecially bred in a Boarding School; ſhe has all her Sexes Graces without their frailty, Modeſty without their Affectation, Wit without their Miſchief, and Love without their Levity; then for Beauty, ſhe has enough to make a Man an Atheiſt, believing there could be no greater Heaven.

Amor. Now who's in Rapture?

Merr. Oh 'tis impoſſible I ſhould avoid it when ſhe's the Subject.

Amor. How now, who have we here?

Enter Le Prate, *ſinging, and adjuſting himſelf fantaſtically.*

Le Prate ſings.] Dans nous Bois Silvandre Eſcria.

Merr. A pox on him, I know him already by his damn'd tone; 'tis one Monſieur *le Prate*, a ſinging, dancing, talking, fluttering Nothing, a Fellow whoſe chief diſcourſe is always in bragging of the mighty Actions of the French King, for which he is loudly cry'd up by all that Party: he's a great Intriguer too, but then 'tis the French way, that is, he never brings it to any effect; but above all, ſuch an eternal Tongue pad, that the Clack on't never ceaſes, no not in his ſleep; in ſhort, he's a right Frenchman in his niceſt quality; and now am I wiſhing for *Moroſe*'s Nightcaps only to defend my Ears againſt him, for I ſee he has us in the Wind.

Amor. Gad have but patience, and thou ſhalt hear me gabble with him; I have as good a knack at bawling as he.

Merr. So, I am likely to be well entertain'd.

Le Prat. Tholl, loll, loll —— Ah Meſſires come vous portezvous, Well let me never be appee in de poſſeſſion of de fair Angel dat I adore, if I have not a bin ſick for the ſight of my dear Monſieur *Merriton*, he is de life de ſoule of Converſation, a bon Compagnee, all de reſt dat I meet are dull eſtourd, flat, Scoundrels, not fit for a man of parts to ſprinkle the dew of Wit upon. I tell you vat, I juſt now came from *London* from de, how you call it, de houſe of de Parlement, de place vere de greata people make a de Law, and de Goſpel too begar I tink, juſt by de great Shurſh yonder,

and

and dere de firſt ting I hear vas a dam Raſcal Sloven out at de Elbow talk politique and ſettling de Nation vid anoder Blockhead who ſware ſo loud dat de ver wind of de oath blew off a reverend Biſhops hat begar dat vas going to ſerve his Country in de oder houſe, den after when I came into de great Hall below, dere one confounded Lawyer teize me two whole hour vid ſimple ſtory leſſening de vaſt and immortal glory of de great and renown'd Monarch of *France* begar. --- A plague wat Converſation is dis? what ſon of whore dere be in de world, hah deer *Merriton*? hah Monſieur, vat you tink, hah?

Amor. Why gad for my part I think the Lawyer was in the right, and that your great and monſtrous Monarch that you talk of, will be par'd leſs, and brought into ſhape very ſhortly.

Le Prat. Zoon, vat you ſay le grand Roy de *France* par'd leſs? how you mean Monſieur? vat is pare leſs? Zoon I no underſtand you.

Merr. So, the Wind riſes, now for the ſtorm.

Amor. Shid, mauld, Monſieur, ſome of the brood of old Engliſh *Harry* the Fifth are yet left alive, who unable to bear Inſolencies ſo diſgraceful to their ancient glory, ſhall unite together, and fight, baffle, rout and confound--

Le Prat. The great Monarch of *France*? [*haſtily.*

Amor. Lop off his fluttering pride and ill got grandeur, and pare him for their uſe like a Cork for a bottle.

Le Prat. Who, the great Monarch of *France*? [*fiercely.*

Amor. I ſee him tumbling already, he's going with a Vengeance, loſt, irrecoverably gone.

Le Prat. Zoon who, the great Monarch of *France*? [*more fiercely.*

Amor. The great Monarch of *France*? Ay the great Monarch of *France*. What a pox d'ye take him for a Devil, and think that no body can cope with him?

Le Prat. Yes begar, you will find him too grand a Devil for you to conjure, ha, ha, ha. Le grand Roy de *France* going down, it make a me ſmile; but you Engliſh have ſuch fine faculty of bragging, dere is no Nation under the Sun dat compare with your true Engliſhman, for dat the *French* ſneer, and make grimace, the *Dutch* belch, the *Spaniard* ſtrutt, the *German* huff, the *Danes* tope, and the *Engliſhman* only brag, brag, brag, and do noting begar, ha, ha, ha, my dear Monſieur *Merriton*, vat ſay you?

Merr. I beg your pardon, faith nothing not I Sir: I think you have ſaid enough for us both.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Le Prat. You laugh, ver good, you have ver good diverſion; you tinke this grand Diable as you call him is going down too; but vat if I tell you he is rather coming up, up here into your Country, and vat if he bring one hundred towſand little Devil with huge long horn to butt at you, vat den, vat den.

Amor. Why then we'll cull an Army of Cuckolds out of the City to butt at him agen, we have as many horns as he or elſe the Devil's in't.

Le Prat. Very well, do, do, abuſe the City, do, anger 'em, and make 'em keep up their Wives, and call in the money they've lent, make dem refuſe to raiſe the Regiments they promis'd, do.

Amor. No faith, I'm reſolved to ſpeak well of 'em, in certain hope that thoſe very Regiments ſhall be the firſt to rouze your great French Dragon out of his den; they're all ſwinging Warriours, I tell you that beſides.

Le Prat. Beſides? but hark ye, but hark ye.

Amor. Nay nay, hark you, I ſay there is another ſtratagem.

Le Prat. Zoon hear a me ſpeak, morbleau hear a me ſpeak, I ſay dat ---

Amor. I ſay that the Common Council of *London* have within this two days made an order ---

L. Prat. I ſay that de policy of *France* have thought fit [*ſpeaking both together.*

Merr. So, ſo, hallooe, hallooe, ten Crowns to one on the French Tarrier. [*Apart.*

Amor. Politically, judiciouſly, wiſely, for the ſafety of the people.

Le Prat. Zoon will you not give me leave? I tell you dat de beſt ---

Amor. Tell me nothing, the beſt at a ſtratagem in the whole World is ---

Le Prat. Is the French King begar, there I got before you.

Amor. The French King, a pox, we ſhall ſtarve him in one ſix months longer, the loſs of his Wine Trade has almoſt broke his heart already, that one Law has undone him.

Le Prat. Yes begar, juſt as much as de other Law for ſelling Wine at ſix pence de quart did the Vintners, morbleau he know ver well how much you Engliſh care for de Law, or de Goſpel either: on my Conſienſe I was particularly deſign'd by Providence to confront and rally the Vices of your Country: I perceive every day ſo many filthy Crime, fulſome Follies, damd Extravagance, and ungenerous Action, that dear *Merriton* I cannot forbear telling thee as my boſome Confident and Friend, that I cannot help being extreamly fatigu'd and diſturb'd, and am begar eternally ---

Merr. Eternally prating, a pox take thee, and I'm the unlucky Dog doom'd to be worried, --- buz --- in ſhort, *Amorous* and I have ſome buſineſs together, therefore prithee let me beg thee to be ſo civil as to leave us.

Le Prat. Leave us, dat is very fine, dere be a touch now of right Engliſh breeding, they never diſtinguiſh a man of parts from the nafty Vulgar; foh I hate ill manners like a Toad, but times will turn, the *French* are coming d'ye hear, that's my comfort: five hundred Sail, and a thouſand Fireſhips, they're coming ma foy.

Merr. Well, get thee gone, and let 'em come and be damn'd. [*Exeunt. & Ex. L. Prat.*

Amor. A thouſand Fireſhips, Zoon there will be a blaze.

Merr. Prithee oblige us and go --- Dear *L. Prate* be ſo civil.

Amor. The Rogue has made me ſweat like an Hoſteſs in the dog days. [*aſide.*

Le Prate. Why then all Raillery apart morbleau I cannot be civil if I would, not ſtir one foot from dis place, for I've appointed Muſick this inſtant to meet me here to ſerenade a Lady that lodges juſt there at the corner of that houſe, ah, and ſee here they come Meſſires forbein venu.

Enter

Enter Muſitians.

Amor. This Lady he ſpeaks of is my *Betty*, that Window there belongs to her Apartment, ſhe has told me indeed of a fidling Fool that often addreſſed himſelf this way, and now I find 'tis this Coxcomb.

Merr. Art thou not jealous?

Amor. What of ſuch a thing? prithee have a better opinion of me and her too; I'm ſatisfied ſhe knows him for a Fool.

Merr. And perhaps likes him the better; Women have ſtrange Appetites, a man of ſenſe, as a good ſtanding diſh, may go down a little at firſt, but a Fool is generally their below'd ſecond courſe and deſert, Trash and Trompery beſt ſuits their longing. [*Le Prate is inſtructing the Muſick.*

Amor. To convince thee of the contrary in her, ſtep aſide here and thou ſhalt ſee how ſhe'll uſe him.

Merr. With all my heart, for I confeſs I am yet an Infidel.

[*A Song here mimicking the French.*

SONG.

AS ſoon as day began to peep
And little twinkling ſtars withdrew,
Begar me cou'd no longer ſleep,
Dear diverting Devil for you;
But from my weary tumbled Bed
Muſt early rouze my penſive head,
My paſſion to purſue,
To come with Fiddle, Song, and Volee,
To bid good morr, to your bright Eyes
Me love ſo much morbleau.

Second movement:

With ſitting up late at your Window or Gate,
With howling and ſquawling I'm grown a mere Cat,
And all that your grace I may win:
I ſcratch and I purr at your cruel heart's door,
And mew, mew, mew, to come in.

II.

Sometime dat ugly Witch deſpair
Make me believe you frown,
And tempt me, which is ver ſevere,
To hang my ſelf or drown.
But tho me dare with Rival fight,
And watch your door whole Winter night,
Yet me no care to ſwing:
De Voice, de Fiddle and de Song
To ſay I love, and ſay how ſtrong,
Begar is muſh de better Ting.
With ſitting, &c.

Enter

Enter Oyley.

Le Prat. Oh, I ſee ſhe has ſent for me: Tres humble ſerviture ſweet Miſtreſs *Oyley.* [*Combs his peruke*, &c.

Oyley. Sir, my Lady wonders you are not aſhamed to make this noiſe to diſturb the Neighbours; ſhe bid me tell you too, that ſhe admires you ſhould think that pitiful fidling and piping ſhould win a Lady of her Beauty and Quality: ſo firſt deſiring a Ceſſation of Cat-guts, ſhe implores your abſence. —— The Fool has been here twice a piping without a penny of money in's Pocket, which I can aſſure him will not take with us. [*Exit.*

Le Prat. Not fidling and piping win a Lady? A plague of your damd Engliſh Brutality: Zoon there is no other way in *France* to win de Lady, but dat; a Lady there, ſhall as ſoon take a Gentleman with a good Pipe as a good Patrimony; but here, noting will do but money, money, a plague take her. Gazoone I muſt get ſome and preſent her, for I love her damnably, and I ſee dere is no oder way; along Meſſires. [*Ex.* Le Prate *and Muſick.*

Amor. Now, did not I tell thee how ſhe'd uſe him; I know ſhe hates all Mankind but me.

Merr. Still I ſay be wary, for according to the Poet

Show me a man of ſenſe in all the Roll
That ſome one Woman has not made a Fool.

Here ſhe comes, my Company will be of no uſe now; beſides, I've a Billet to write to my own dear Angel. Adieu. [*Exit* Merriton.

Enter Jiltall *and* Oyley; Amorous *runs and embraces her.*

Amor. My deareſt Comfort!

Jilt. My Jewel —— My dear *Jackey*, why did you riſe ſo early this morning Sirrah, hah?

Amor. I had buſineſs Child; but I have been laughing this half hour at Mrs. *Oyley*'s meſſage to that ſerenading French Puppy: ah my ſweet life, every hour brings me more and more into thy Debt.

Jilt. And ſo ye dear Rogue you have been Eveſdropping, have you? Indeed *Jackey* I won't allow that: what can't your Miſtreſs have a ſpare Gallant to her ſelf a little, but you muſt be peeping, you little pretty honey dear dog you? [*Claps his Cheek.*

Oyley. Now is there ſomething to be got out of him I'm ſure, by this fondneſs; — ah Wit of Man, where art thou? [*aſide.*

Amor. Would I had never ſeen it, for I am grown ſo jealous o'th' ſudden, and my heart does ſo ſwell; go, go, get ye gone, I don't love ye, you ſhant kiſs me no more, you have got a French Flapdraggon now.

Jiltall. I'll fit you as well anon at night, for I'll tye your hands to the Bed-poſts; When you are aſleep I'm reſolv'd you ſhall play no more tricks with me.

Amor.

Amor. Nor you ſhant wake me no more if you go to that, with ſprawling over me, pretending to put out the Candle.

Filtal. Do you hear *Oyley*, did you ever hear ſuch a confident little dear hony lying Rogue, there's for you Sirrah. [*Slaps him.*

Amor. And there's for you Huſſy, and that, and that, [*Flings his Gloves.* Mrs. *Oyley*, pray ſtand by a little and ſee fair Play, and you ſhall ſee how I'll maul her, I'll ſmother her immediately. [*Kiſſes her.*

Filtal. Oh, a Truce, a Truce, I'll play no more, but I'll pummel you at Night Sirrah, you ſhant think to carry't off thus, you ſhant, you dear, dear, dear, ſweet damn'd Dog you. [*Claps his Cheeks and Kiſſes him.*

Oyley. Ah ſweet dam'd Cunning, how I Love thee, this muſt be upon ſome mighty Matter, for this is better acted than ordinary. [*Aſide.*

Filtal. But leaving off fooling, for I'm ſo fond of this Puppy, that I can ſcarce mind any other Buſineſs; how goes our Plot, *Jacky*, when is this naſty Unkle of thine to be fleec'd, when am I to act the *Indian Heireſs*, and take my Voyage from *Bantam*, ah you dear little Pimp you.

Amor. What, you expect a new Addition to your Settlement, do you Huſſy, but I'll prevent thoſe vain Hopes, I will Black Eyes, for I wont tell a Word.

Filtal. Chooſe Churl, you ſhant Kiſs the Honny Mole upon my Duddy this Month then I'm reſolv'd.

Amor. Ah dear, dear Mole, come I will, I will tell rather then be puniſh'd ſo, I'll diſcover any thing.

Filtal. Quickly then, for if once I ſwear, begin and ſeriouſly.

Amor. Why then, in good earneſt you are to go to your new Lodgings to night.

Filtal. At the Boarding School.

Amor. The ſame I have agreed already with the Governeſs, and have alſo found out a Roguiſh Lawyer of my Acquaintance with a Conſcience and Confidence ſuitable to the Buſineſs, who is to be ready to begin the Proceſs; we have got a Sun-burnt Sailer or two likewiſe to ſwear he was hir'd to carry her over, and put the better face upon the Matter.

Filtal. And I'll warrant you for acting my part, give me but my Cue and you ſhall ſee me do it like any Player.

Amor. If I ſhould get a thouſand pounds a Year by this Trick now, would not you want a Croſhet of Diamonds, a Neck-lace of Pearl, nor no ſuch Triffle, hah, for I find you will take pains and act your part very dilligently.

Filtal. Indeed my dear ſweet pretty Puppy-face, not for that, but only becauſe Child I know a thouſand Guinnys would do thee good, thou knows my dear Dog, I was never fond of Mony, beſides *Jacky* I have a Croſhet and Neck-lace already, I confeſs Love if I had a pair of Pendants as my Lord *Keepwells* Miſtreſs has.

Oyley. Oh, now 'tis out. [*Aſide.*

Filtal. I Think they would become me as well, but my Sweet Honey

Sugar Candy Rogue, I can be contented without, I'll ask nothing Dearest.
[*Strokes and Kisses him.*

Oyley. Finely acted I swear, ah, where's the Wit of a Man now; I say still, there's not a stroke of that soft Hand but will cost him fifty Guinnys. [*Aside.*

Amor. Thou needst not ask, that mayst command so absolutely, I'll tell thee more when I possess it, in the mean time besure to get ready against seven in th' Evening to take Coach, I'll go put on my Disguise and find out my Uncle, who is either damming himself at the *Magpy*-Tavern, or at my Lady *Addlepots* just by it, there I'll break the matter to him, and dear Fortune stand but propitious now, and then my sweet pretty charming Black Eyes, and I will Live and Laugh, and Love to perpetuity. [*Exit Amor.*

Siltal. And if thou failst in it, thou shalt be serv'd just as the Mony-less Monsieur was before thee: *Oyley*, how dost thou like my management of this fond Puppy.

Oyley: Troth Madam I have been admiring you, and think you have play'd a better Scene than is to be seen upon the Stage, but pray give me leave to ask you a question, do you not love Mr. *Amorous* at all?

Siltal. No Faith not I, but I love his Mony which I find this Plot is likely to bring — he has already settled three hundred pounds a year upon me, I love that well enough.

Oyley. And yet you call him Dear, and Sweet and Honey.

Siltal. Words, Words only —— meer Springes to catch Woodcocks; I never call a Fellow Dear, and Sweet, and Honey, but I think him a Dog, a Cully, and a Rascal.

Oyley. If you think so ill of him who is a Witty Man, and whose only fault is too much fondness, how will you entertain the impertinent Frenchman that I know intends you another Visit.

Siltal. Why if he comes with Mony you shall admit him; Love for Money ever whilst you live Wench.

Oyley. What, that nauseous chattering Fool?

Siltal. Ay, ay, any Fool in *Europe* that has Money, learn this of me, as they that first debauch us, do it for their own Pleasure without any consideration of our Ruine; so we that are debauch'd ought to value no Merit equal to our own Interest: If a Fool comes larded with Guinnys, and a Wit empty, the Fool is like to be preferr'd for all the tothers Tropes and Figures, besides a Wit plays cautiously, and upon the square, when a Fool sets deep without consideration, and therefore to me is the more meritorious by half.

For what's the worth of any thing,
But so much Money as 'twill bring. As a famous Author has it.

Oyley. Now you talk of Money, here comes Mr. Deputy *Nicompoop*, the sneaking rich Gold-smith that married the famous Stickler against the Government, the Lady *Addlepot*.

Enter Nicom. *and* Brag.

Siltal. I have heard of her, her House is the very Common-Shoar, into which all the Male-contents oth' Town drain themselves, she pretends to rail at

at the Times for Conſcience Sake; but 'tis really on no other Score but her own Vanity, for the glory of being thought a notable Woman, outweighs all her other reaſons whatever: that fluttering Fellow there, goes for her Kinſman, but is really her Gallant, and kept by her under her Huſbands Noſe; ſo ſhe finiſhes her Character at her Cuckolds Coſt, and by her management of him, teaches the true Doctrine of Paſſive Obedience.

Oyley. Bleſs me, how fine is he; I ſee theſe grumbling Ladies keep high, however they miſlike the Government, *Exeunt.*

Nicom. Nay, but ſeriouſly, Captain, and Son in Law that muſt be, I was ſtrangely aſham'd to have an impudent Fellow, a ragged red-coat Rogue to talk at that rate.

T. Bragg. By the Sun and Moon, and all the Planets had I heard him, his Soul had paid for his Sawcineſs, the Sun ſhould have ſhon through him ere he had ſpoke five Words; but prethee honeſt Father in Law that muſt be, what did the Raſcal ſay hah.

Nicom. Say, why ſeriouſly I think the Fellow was mad, he had the impudence to ſay that he was your Father, and that your right Name was *Bragg*, and that you were the wickedeſt Rake-hell in Town Seriouſly, and then he call'd you a hundred Pimps one after another.

Bragg. Intolerable Raſcal.

Nicom. He ſaid he would kick you ſeriouſly.

Bragg. Dog: ——

Nicom. And when you went into the Coach with my Lady my Wife, if I had not ſtopt him, on my Conſcience he would have come in after you.

Bragg. I'll have the Rogue whip'd from *Charing-Croſs* to *Chatham* for this.

Nicom. Nay, ſeriouſly the Fellow ought to be puniſh'd, that's the truth on't, he was as ſawcy as if he had been your Father, indeed ---- well godbuy, I muſt wait upon my Lady my Wife, to beg leave of her to let me meet ſome Friends at a Bowle of Punch this Afternoon.

Bragg. Do ſo, and do you hear Couſin, tell her that I'll be with her Ladyſhip preſently.

Nicom. Ay, but you wont make haſt; prethee dear Captain make haſt now, ſeriouſly ſhe likes your Company mightily, ſhe ſays you are the fineſt Man, and the fitteſt Husband for my Daughter *Moll* in the World, well, will you make haſt.

Bragg. I will, I will, I'll but take t'other turn and be with her.

Nicom. Seriouſly you'l oblige me extreamly then, for I long to be at the Punch Bowle. [*Exit* Nicompoop.

Bragg. How rarely do my Lady and I manage this Fellow, ſhe has kept me this two Years, and I think one of the Princes of *Italy* ſcarce appears in better Equipage. I am naturally impudent, and tho I was formerly of the Black-Guard, yet now being kept well, and aſſiſted by good Rigging, dare thruſt my ſelf daily amongſt People of Quality, and paſs for a Captain amongſt 'em; the misfortune is, that I have a peeviſh ragged dam'd old

Father, a poor Granadeer, who is eternally disgracing me before Company, 'twas he I know by the Stile that gave the late Character of me to my Cuckold, and see as the Devil will have it, here he comes, the Old Rogue has been dogging me I lay my Life.

Enter Old Bragg, *and goes round him staring at him.*

Old Bragg. Your Servant Sir.

Y. Bragg. Yours Sir.

Old Bragg. Do you know me Sir.

Y. Bragg. Yes, yes, I know you well enough.

Old Bragg. Oons what a deal of Gold-lace the Son of a Whore has got on's Coat; do you hear, a Word with you Friend, am not I your Father Sir.

Y. Bragg. You had best ask my Mother, she knows better than I, but what if you are Sir?

Old Bragg. Where's your Hat then you Dog, Rascal where's your Reverence Sirrah, what are you too good? [*Strikes off his Hat.*

Y. Bragg. My Hat's too good to be spoild Sir, and the Feather in't cost a Guinny.

Old Bragg. Did it so Sir, and must you wear a Feather in your Hat cost a Guinny, and let your Father be reduced to a single Stiver Sirrah, come, come, disburse, disburse if you would save your Bones disburse, and quickly, Money, Money, Money, come.

Y. Bragg. What a Plague you wont Rob me, will you, sure you know the Law.

Old Bragg. The Law, here's a Rogue for you, he's for hanging his Father, he; but I'll Law you presently, here's Law for you you Dog, ---- Sirrah disburse and quickly ---- or [*Draws.*

Y. Bragg. This old Heathen will make no more of spitting me now, than if I were a Rat, and the Devil a Peny have I in my Pocket to give him, what a plague shall I do.

Old Bragg. You have a Rampant Lady I hear you Rogue to uphold your Prodigality; you can Feast upon Wine and Venison, when I was fain to dine yesterday with an honest Dutch Trooper a Friend of mine upon a pickled Herring you Dog; but come Sirrah, since you are kept with a Pox t'ye, lets see what Wages her Lady-ship affords, lets see the Cod come.

Y. Bragg. I've here a Sowse upon my Faith Sir.

Old Bragg. How, here a Sowse, what then you do my Ladys Drudgery for nothing, do you Sirrah, a fine Trade indeed, a hopeful Imploy, had not you better have staid with the Black-smith where I put you to Prentice, you prodigal Villain.

Y. Bragg. No I thank you, Faith I've an easier Forge to work at, and better Company.

Old Bragg. Come I'll try what Company you keep presently, I'll give you the Test

Teſt Faith, I'll part with the beſt part of my Dinner to treat you for once: come Sirrah, here's King *William*'s Health. [*Pulls out a brandy Bottle and drinks.*

Young Bragg. O Lord, indeed Sir I never dare drink any Brandy.

Old Bragg. Sirrah drink, and quickly, or by this bottle I'll cut your throat.

Young Bragg. 'Dſheart Sir you'll undo me, my Lady will ſmell me, and ſhe hates the ſmell of Brandy as ſhe hates the Devil.

Old Bragg. You lye you dog, there's ne'er a Lady of her party but has a Bottle by her bed-ſide every night: what a plague, d'ye think I ha'nt heard of their cold Tea?

Young Bragg. 'Dſheart how ſhould he hear of the Ladies cold Tea? 'tis the greateſt ſecret at Court, by this light.

Old Bragg. Come, come, the Health, the Health.

Young Bragg. Why then here's the King's Health, I'll top upon him as our Party uſe, with a mental Reſervation, — Come the Kings Health Sir. [*aſide.*

Old Bragg. What King? What King, Sirrah? ſpeak the words.

You. Br. ſings. Sir, I drank to the King, and I took it off clean,
And he's but a Fop that aſks what King I mean.

Old Bragg. A Fop, very well Sir; introth y'are in the right, and to quip me better to be one, I think this Hat and Feather would not be amiſs, this Peruke likewiſe is proper, this Coat and Sword likewiſe.

[Old Bragg *takes away his Hat and Feather, and Sword and Coat.*

Young Bragg. 'Dſdeath what d'ye mean Sir?

Old Bragg. To make money of 'em, and drink the King's Health you Rogue.

Young Bragg. Nay, Father.

Old Bragg. Sirrah, ſtir a foot after me and I'll run my Sword in your Guts. Zooks I've a great mind to the Breeches too; I could flea a Rebel methinks as I would an Eel: but come, this ſhall ſerve at preſent; but d'ye hear Sirrah, get money in your Pocket againſt next time to relieve your old Father, or I'll have no more mercy on thee than a ſhe Tiger has of a Traveller when her Cubs have had nothing for dinner. [*Exit* Old Br.

Young Bragg. So, a very pretty buſineſs this; thus am I ſerv'd by this old Raſcal whenever I refuſe him money; nay, nor is this all, for the Diſgraces I ſuffer by him vex me more by half, — Meeting me talking with a great Lord in the ſtreet t'other day, Sirrah ſays he, lend me eighteen pence, for my Stockings want footing and my Shooes have loſt both their heels; my Lord ſtar'd at him like a ſtuck Pig, and he as much at my Lord, till having diſpatch'd him I was fain to recover all by ſwearing he was a craz'd old *Edge Hill* Officer, that I kept upon Charity. Well, this won't do, I muſt ſtudy ſome redreſs, tho I want Courage to beat the old Scoundrel; but firſt to my Lady, to whom I muſt tell ſome damn'd lye or other for a new Hat and Peruke; one hours ſoft Indearment I know will quip me again.

Tho to the Royal Aid ſhe'll nought diſburſe,
To me ſhe never fails to draw her Purſe.

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Old Merriton *and* Young Merriton.

Old Merr. OH *Will*, well met; when were you laſt at the Boarding School?

Young Merr. Yeſterday, Sir.

Old Merr. Then you muſt give me leave to gueſs your buſineſs there; nay I'll not queſtion you, but only let you ſee a Fathers Eye guided by his indulgence ſtill moſt obſerves when it ſeems leaſt to do ſo: what think you of *Mirtilla?* come ſpeak freely.

Young Merr. Sir, to diſſemble is a Courtiers Vice, that ne'r intends to do the thing he promis'd: I'll ſpeak my thought as free as Air, I think her the brighteſt Jewel of her Sex, her Vertues ſet in her Beauty are unparalell'd; and, like the Jewel of great Tuſcany, too rich for all the neighb'ring Kings to buy.

Old Merr. Thou ſpeak'ſt my thoughts; doſt love her, prithee tell me.

Young Merr. Alas Sir, be not pleas'd to hear my Follies; my Will you know is bounded in your Pleaſure, on your Commands depends my love or liking; beſides, tho dreſs'd in Beauty, Wit, and Innocence, I hear ſhe is an Orphan, and unknown, not fit for me to love that cannot raiſe her to what her worth deſerves.

Old Merr. She may be known hereafter; and not to balk your fancy Sir, I give you leave to exerciſe your liking, and if you think fit licenſe you to love her.

Young Merr. Which I could do, and faithfully, but muſt grieve that my ſmall fortune ----

Old Merr. Do not upbraid me Son; if my diſtreſſes have like clouds hung o'er me, and ſo involv'd thee in my ſad Misfortunes, believe me 'tis no fault of mine but fates; that thou deſerv'ſt more I muſt needs confeſs; for tho my Son thou art to Vertue nearer, Arts ſtill have been thy aim, Wit, Honour, Juſtice, Philoſophy, ſoft Poetry and Muſick, with all the train of noble Sciences.

Young Merr. Good Sir no more, you need not ſhew too nearly how much I am indebted to your goodneſs.

Old

Old Merr. Thou art not in my debt, but rather I in thine; the truſt I had in the laſt Reign deceiving me, beggering my hopes, makes me but half a Father: I deſerv'd well, and loyal Faith expreſs'd, but Ruin was the word, and I amongſt the reſt.

Young Merr. Divert the Subject, I beſeech you Sir.

Old Merr. To the purpoſe then ---- When did'ſt thou ſee young *Amorous?*

Young Merr. To day Sir, who told me he was much beholden t'you for a late Plot upon his ſordid Uncle.

Old Merr. 'Tis true, for I muſt own I hate that vicious Fellow more than Cowardiſe, tho for ſome private reaſons I ſeem to indulge his Humour; more of that hereafter; I know you are for the Boarding School this Afternoon, to ſee the fair forlorn; well, give her my Love, ſhe'll make thee not leſs welcome for't I'm ſure. — Adieu. [*Exit.* Y. Merr.

Old Merr. ſolus.

I have maintained her there this many years unknown to any, and will proceed till fate make ripe my project; young *Amorous* was framing an Intrigue till I diſcover'd, and diverted him with a ſpecious Plot upon his Uncle to amend his Fortunes; ſhe is not of that mean deſert ſhe ſeems, nor my Son's Love ſo weak as he pretends 'tis, Time muſt ripen all. Here comes Sir *Rowland* as merry as Wealth and Wickedneſs can make him, — my firſt game is with him, I ſhall go near to daſh his jollity.

Enter Rakehell.

Rake. Hoh, Devotion, art thou there with a pox to thee, and without a Prayer-book in thy hand too, that's a wonder faith, for thou art as rarely ſeen out of a Church as I am out of a Tavern; pox on thee, what a dull ſcandalous life doſt thou lead? thou art ſwilling thy belly full of Small-beer Devotion every morning, whilſt I am ſanctifying mine with Sherry, Sugar, & Nutmeg, you old Church Puppy you.

Old Merr. Oh rare Sir *Rowland.*

Rake. Right old *Urim and Thummim*, and oh rare Sir *Rowland* it ſhall be; I intend to have it for an Epitaph upon my Tomb as well as *Ben. Johnſon*, for I ſhall have a name for the beſt of his qualities. I can drink Sack as well as he, tho I cannot write ſo well in the praiſe on't.

Old Merr. To have a name for drinking Sack only, is a wretched Trophy at our years Sir *Rowland*, methinks you and I ſhould ſtudy to be dignified by our Vertues.

Rake. Vertue! here's a hypocritical old Dog; Gadzookes name a word more of Vertue to me, and I'll draw upon thee; ſpeak a ſyllable to me of Religion, Morality, Godlineſs, or any of your canting ſtuff, and I'll run my Sword in your guts, you old orthodox Thief you,

Old

Old Merr. Nay, if you are ſo hot Sir —

Rake. Talk of Vertue to me the blood of the *Rakehells*, you old Pew Pimp; a ſtarving notion that all the World laughs at, and which the wiſer part of it always abhorr'd: prithee ask the young Cocking Atheiſt how he got his rich Widow with 6000 *l.* a year, and ſee whether he anſwers Vertue, or the illiterate Dunce that can ſcarce ſpell his own name, Whether he got his Place at Court by Vertue; the ſweaty ſplayfoot City Putt, Whether he came to be Lord Mayor by Vertue; ask how the Laundreſs came to be a Lady, or the lawleſs Pettifogger a Judge, and ſee if Vertue be the cauſe on't, ye old Church Weeſel, ha, ha, ha.

Old Merr. I think in Reaſon we ought to believe it the cauſe, whatever you may imagine.

Rake. Reaſon! the Devil take him, he's got next door to Vertue again already: why I tell thee, like an incorrigible Sot as thou art, that Reaſon has nothing to do in the buſineſs, neither the courſe of all humane Affairs depend on Deſtiny. Reaſon and Vertue are as uſeleſs drugs as Learning and Poetry; the firſt is diſgrac'd by Knaves, the laſt ruin'd by Fools, and there's Morality for thee, thou old Haſſock.

Old Merr. Though this be a profligate Raſcal, yet he's in the right in that. [*aſide.*

Rake. Ha, ha, ha, beſides, I can't forbear laughing faith, to think, for all thy praying and mumbling, what a damn'd Hypocrite thou art; Here do I enjoy an Eſtate of three thouſand a year by having a young Orphan that was my Ward, kidnab'd to the *Indies*; and thou, for the ſake of two hundred a year, got'ſt it done for me; there was Vertue, ha, ha, there was Vertue.

Old Merr. Well Sir, you need not upbraid me however: You have ſmall Reaſon if you knew all. [*aſide.*

Rake. Well, well, I won't upbraid thee, ha, ha; I won't upbraid thee; for to tell thee the truth, I think thy Vertue and mine have much the ſame weight, that is in ſhort, we are Rogues both, and ſo let's like Politicians keep one anothers Counſel.

Old Merr. You may gueſs, that for my own part I have no great mind to be hang'd, for any Diſcovery of my own; but I've a ſecret to tell you that ſomewhat troubles me.

Rake. A ſecret! prithee what is't old *Bellarmine*, come let's hear it.

Old Merr. Why 'tis credibly reported, that your Nephew Mr. *Amorous*, that went to travel lately, after having mortgag'd the reſt of his Eſtate to you, has unluckily in the *Indies* met with this very Orphan, made a diſcovery from one of the Ships Crew that is ſince dead, and has now brought her over with him to claim her Right.

Rake. 'Dſheart thou art not in earneſt old Pſalm Book, art?

Old M. 'Tis most certainly so, Sir, I saw one of his Indian Retinue not half an hour ago in the Street.

Rake. 'oons we must be Impudent, & Swear bloudily, we must not be mealy-mouth'd: hah, old *Avy Mary*, we have possession, they shall Law and Claw too before they get it:—how now.

Enter a Footman *forreignly dress'd.*

Who would you speak with freind?

Foot. Ke zowl mondingos Bashteroth vin draggozeen Ilander gin flounce van dander Scopen.

Rake. Scopen, ay you may Scopen and Slopen long enough with a pox t'you, before I understand ye, this Rogue has got the language of the Devil, and on my Conscience is come to teach it us instead of our Dutch, dost understand him, old Surplice, I know thou hast been a Traveller.

Old M. 'Dslife, very well, Sir, he tells ye in the Morisque tongue that your Nephew is in the garden, and desires to speak with you.

Rake. Gadzooks I shall murder the Dog, I shall ne're have patience.

Old M. Oh Sir, hear what he says whatever you do: I'le stand behinde that hedge there, and make remarks——Collimosh Zwingle gowse Scopen awlin—— [*to Footman*

Foot. Youl, youl—— [*Exit making an awkard reverence.*

Rake. Youl, youl, the Devil youl ye—Belzebubs own darling, dialect, by this light.

Old M. He comes Sir; I'le retire— [*Exit Old Mer.*

Rake, Now must I set my face and fleer upon him just like a Court-depender upon a great Lord that has newly worm'd him out of his Office, and is too powerfull for him to beate, that is Salute him Civilly, and all the while heartily wish him damn'd.

Enter Amorous *dress'd like an Indian.*

Amor. Dear Uncle I am heartily Sorry that my occasions could let me no sooner wait on ye since I came to *England*, but assure your self my duty has often made me heartily wish to see ye.—— hang'd I mean [*aside.*

Rake. Oh 'tis very well, tis very well good Nephew; why faith I did not Expect ye so soon, I did not think you could have made your Tour of *India* and the *Moguls* Country in twice the time, in my opinion you have made too much hast home——with a pox t'ee [*aside*

Amo. I had stay'd longer Indeed, had I not return'd to do you a small piece of service, which Sir you shall presently know, and what an honour and tenderness dear Uncle I have for you——I mean for your money, ye old Dogbolt—— [*aside*

Rake. To do me Service, Nephew, prithee let's hear how the Son of a Whore looks in that habbit, as if he were engender'd by a *Sucubus* upon an Indian Witch.——[*aside*] Come good Nephew, prithee let's hear— [*fleering*

Am. Then in short, Sir, I came home thus suddenly to clear your Reputation.

Rake. My Reputation, ha, ha, ha!—what in th' Indies, prithee Couzen dont make me think thou'rt mad, 'oons I never car'd for't here man, and dost think I value it in the *Mogulls* Country——besides I know my reputation here is as secure as any mans.

Am. Ah Sir, would you could make it out.

Rake. So I will Sir. I have three thousand pounds a year fool;—thats reputation. Set that upon the Exchange against any mans honesty, and see which will buy most Cuthinele.

Amo. Sir, you han't a groat a year.

Rake. Hey-day, the fellow's possest; some *Indian* Devil has bewitch'd him.

Am. Oh you'l finde it otherwise Sir, in short then to keep ye no longer in suspence, the Orphan Heiress daughter to Sr. *William Wealthy* committed to your charge, and so Strangely lost about 9. years since, was lately discover'd in the Indies by a Sea-Captain upon his death-bed, to whom she was sold, and is now return'd with me, with intention to Claim her Estate in your possession.

Rake. Pshaw pshaw, what witnesses Nephew, what witnesses?

Amo. Oh the Devil and all, Sir, the Captains kinsman, severall of the Ships Crew that carried her over, besides a Convincing signe, a Ruby that hung about her Neck with her fathers Coat of Arms upon't.

Old Merit peeping.] So now the Old Rascall sweats, work on work on my plot, thus far it goes surely.—— [*aside.*

Rake. Would she had been Choak'd with the string on't before she had come hither to discover her pedigree, d'sheart I shall be hang'd for Kidnapping—— [*aside*

Amor. Come Sir, I see you a little disturb'd, therefore as I said before, to let you see what a kindeness I have for your Credit, perhaps upon some reasonable Considerations, I may put you in a way Sir.——

Rake. Hold, hold, let me see her first, and then talk of Considerations, I must be Cunning with the Rogue, there may be a trick in't. [*aside*

Amor. That you shall Sir to morrow, without fail, and be throughly Convinc'd of all, and what further service I can do ye.

Rake. Very well, and with secresy good nephew d'ee hear, you know your Uncles honour is as your own, and so farewell for this time, but proof must Clear all: for my part I own nothing, if it be thy fortune to oblige me, I le be as ready to prefer thee,——[*upon the Gallows*—[*aside*] So honest Nephew adieu till to morrow: Ah plague on your Indian voyage, wou'd I could get somebody to murder the Dog.—— [*aside*

[*Exit* Rakehell.

Enter Old Meriton.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha, who's here my Genius, my best friend——

Old M. 'Twas acted rarely.

Amor. Did ye hear us.

Old M. Most distinctly, and doubt not but the Consequence will be as pleasant: away, away, I know he's upon the hunt for me, and he must

not

not see us together; Is not this better now then hankering after a silly moneyless Orphan with a white face, and nothing in her purse, hah.

Amor. Who she at the Boarding-School. Oh a thousand times; I'm done with her now poor fool.

Old M. That's well, but hark I hear him coming, away, away.

[*Exit* Amorous.

Thus your great Wit that long renoun'd does pass,
Is often by a greater made an Ass.

Re-enter Rakehell *hastily.*

Well Sir what news?

Rake. Why all the news that I know is, that thou art to be hang'd like an Ignorant praying Kid-napping Rascall as thou art.

Old M. hang'd Sir,

Rake. Yes hang'd Sir, and a pox on thee, nothing vexes me, but I am to keep that Apocriphall face of thine Company; all's out, we are discover'd with a vengeance, this is your trusting your Sea-Captain with a murrain t'ee, you may remember dog-fish, that I advis'd ye to knock her in the head like a discreet person as I was.

Old M. Faith I could not in Conscience kill the pretty Creature, that's the truth on't.

Rake. A Plague 'o your Conscience, must I be hang'd for your Confounded Conscience must I? you had Conscience enough to swallow two hundred pound a year for Kid-napping, ne're keckt at that you old pew-pimping Rascall.

Old M. Nay then, since you provoke me, know, the Rascall is in the Inside of your own hide, and ye lye, I ne're receiv'd a groat on such a damn'd attempt.

Rake. What art mad, where i'st then? a pox where i't.

Old M. Manag'd till the deceiver I deceive,
And thou art hang'd by a strong Rope, I weave. [*Exit*

Rake. What a Devil do's he mean? gad I believe the grave fool's brain's crackt through meer fear, as it generally happens to these sober praying Coxcombs with Clodded brains and no Genius, the Rogue has a hank upon me, I must not fall out with him however; I'le send for him presently to the Tavern, and if I can make him drunk, there leave all fates transactions for to morrow.

And with full Bumpers Tope away all sorrow. [*Exit.*

Enter Nicompoop *meeting* Tearshift.

Nicom. Oh Mrs. *Tearshift* your humble servant, pray where may I finde my Lady my wife? I have been looking all about the Garden and can't have the honour to meet her seriously.

Tear. Oh rare Mr. *Deputy* there's Rods in pisse for you i'faith.

Nicom. Nay prithee dear Mrs. *Tearshift* don't fright me now, seriously I stay'd but half an hour longer then I promis't, I hope my Lady my wife is not angry, for I could not help it seriously.

Tear. Oh fye, your Gills look as red as a Turky-Cocks you are as fluſter'd as a Non-Con. preacher at a Sifters wedding. She'l be in a violent paſſion when ſhe ſees ye, and you know (like a ſilly man as you are) you are nothing in her hands when ſhe's in a paſſion.

Nicom. That's true ſeriouſly, but have I no friend with her, that can hold her tack, and rail againſt the Government whilſt I go and Cool a little.

Tear. Yes, there's the Captain with her as it happens, well, take it from me you are extreamly oblig'd to that man, he has held her tack upon your accompt more then once to my knowledge.

Nicom. Ah the Captain's a very honeſt Gentleman.

Tear. See yonder they are coming down the walk together: Come, come in, and waſh your face and hands, and Comb your head, and ſnug up your ſelf a little.

Nicom. With all my heart dear Mrs. *Tearſhift*, for if ſhe ſhould fall into a paſſion I were a loſt man ſeriouſly. [*Exit in haſt.*

Enter young Bragg *new Equipt and* *Lady* Addleplot *dreſs'd Flaunting-ly* 2. footmen.

La. Addle. Captain—— *Y. Bragg*:—— Madam,

L. Addle. did you viſit all our Loyall friends in Newgate this morning according to my order?

Y. Bragg. Yes madam, I was there a great while, I ſat at the Treaſon-table there above an hour, they're all pretty hearty, they eat and drink well Madam, only a little louſy, ſome of 'em.

L. Addle. Ay that's nothing, Loyalty and Lice are Concomitant; and did you take care to preſent my moſt humble ſervice to that worthy perſon that bid the Government kiſs his britch,—and tell him that I would do my ſelf the honour to ſup with him to night.

Y. Bragg Yes Madam, and for which he humbly thank'd your Ladyſhip, but ſends ye word that he is to be Engag'd.

L. Addle. What, he's Crowded by our party I warrant.

Y. Bregg. No faith Madam, he was Crowded another way, for he was juſt going into the Cart to be hang'd.

L. Addle. Codſoe, that was Engaging him indeed,—and did they hang that brave fellow? well there will a time come I hope—when we ſhall hang in our turn too:

Enter Tearſhift.

how now *Tearſhift* who's that within there?

Tear. Mr. *Deputy*, Madam, who being raſhly coming before with a dirty face and hands, I repremanded and turn'd back to mundify.

L. Addle. Let him be lock'd into the Garret, de'e hear as formerly, and allow'd no meat till my order: what? the Brute is fluſter'd I warrant.

Tear. He has drank a little too much indeed, Madam.

L. Addle. He ſhan't eat this three days; fogh the very thought of him gives me

me the vapours; prithee give me my Spirit of hartshorne; Captain your Arm a little, stand up strongly ye fribling fool; o' my Conscience the fellow begins to bend in the hams already.

T. Bragg. Who I Madam, gad y'are mistaken, I'm as strong as a horse.

L. Addle. Ye lye ye fool, a horse, ye lye ye Jackanapes, you shew'd your strength finely last night when you were Rob'd and lost your hat and peruke.

T. Bragg. What man could do I did, but to have eight Rogues upon me at once, Madam, was a little hard.

Tear. Indeed Madam the Captain got well off as he did, for had they stript him, Lord bless us, they might have damag'd his out-works Extreamly.

L. Addle. Well Sir you see I have quip'd ye agen, and pray let me finde your Services answerable; all Ladies of my humour require to be serv'd well.

T. Bragg. I am thy *Adonis* my bright *Citherea*; always ready and perpetually devoted to thy command.

Tear. And well said Captain Introth,

L. Addle. Well Sir, there's something t'encourage ye, and I give you leave to frequent the Coffee-house [*gives a purse*] and Tavern now and then, provided, you rail stiffly against the Government, and are sure to cry up me.

[Brag *kisses her hand.*

Bragg. Madam, that's every day my whole business, you are thought the very heart of the grumbling faction, and the greatest Politician in the Town; The famous Lady *Addleplots* name is in every ones mouth from the Secretary of State down to the Seller of Pippins.

Tear. Your Ladyship is thought a most admirable States-woman I must needs say.

L. Addle. Nay I thank my stars, the Ladies stick close to me, the good women are most of 'em of my side, I thank 'em especially the merry griggs that will drink a bottle, all those are most Conscientiously Loyall, and do great good, besides I expect a Swinging Rising in *Kent* suddenly, and then we shall segue these Rebells:—my Lady *Stroddle* and I, intend to go and head 'em, we have bought our Fuzees and Jack-boots already.

Tear. Oh Madam, here's the fine French Gentleman coming, that is such rare Company, that sings and dances and will let no one talk but himself.

Enter Le Prate *and* Nicompoop.

Brag. And with him, Mr. *Deputy* new-wash'd and Tallow'd; Lord, how Matrimony looks, Madam.

Le Prat. Madam, I vas Impatient till I vas come to kiss your Ladyships fair hand.

L. Addle. Your Servant good Monsieur.

Le Prate. Your Servant Sire, and your most humble, pret Metresse Teare the Sheet, Madam, I must beg your Ladyships pardon, dat I have oblige a my self to make reconsiliation between your Ladyship & Mounsieu *Nicompoop* here who

who is ver ſorry for diſappointing your Ladyſhip and deſire me to intercede for him.

L. Addle. He's a pittifull fumbling fellow, 'tis impoſſible for him to do otherwiſe then diſappoint a Lady. [*Get ye into the Garret, to* Nicom.

Le Prat. Nay, Madam I beſeech your Ladyſhip.

L. Addle. Alas Monſieur you are Ignorant of his Crime, I had at leaſt Six hundred Letters to finiſh, and ſhould have ſent him to as many places with 'em, and to have a Sot to dare to baulk me in State-affairs, Sir, I'le make him know that I'le have the bloud of him—that ſhall baulk me—

[*into the Garret I ſay.* [*to* Nicompoop.

Nicom. Lord, ſhe's bloody angry, what ſhall I do?

Le Prat. Dat is very great fault, but dear Madam heare a me ſpeake;

L. Addle. A little fribling Cit that I have married, and affronted my own quallity to do him honour, to dare to be abſent when I had buſineſs for him.

Le Prat. I beſeeſh your Ladyſhip, look he is dere upon his knee.

L. Addle. A frigid fop, that I have taken as much pains withall to make a man, as ever my firſt husband Sr. *Arthur Addleplot* did to make me a woman:— [*ſtrikes her fan on her hand paſſionately.*

Nicom. Ah dear Captain, you have an Intereſt in her, here's an Oriental Pearl, pray try if that will qualify.

Brag. Madam, the penitent offender offers Tribute, a Mediator from the Indies kiſſes your fair hand.

L. Addle. Ay, the fool Imagines this will do now, and truly I think Pearls are good againſt the Spleen,—but a careleſs fellow—d'slife to neglect my Negotiation, I can hardly paſs it o're; but for your ſake Couzen for once I deign to accept his Trifle, but if ever he balk me again, if there be a Cuckold in the Nation, you underſtand me, Friend.

Nicom. I do, I do, and am overjoy'd that we are friends Serioully.

Tear. This was manag'd rarely well; I vow my Lady's a woman of admirable parts.

Le Prat. Soe dis is ver well all friends all friends and Monſieur let me tell you entre nous it will be ver reaſonable for you hereafter to watch her Ladyſhips motions better, you have de ver great honour in her Converſation I tell you dat.

Nicom. I have ſo ſeriouſly, and could even weep for Joy that we are reconcil'd.

Le Prat. She's the grand wit of all our Party, and ſo admir'd in *France*, dat I believe our great Monarch will in a little time make her Preſident of his Councill begar.

L. Addle. Oh deer Monſieur indeed you honour me too much, but I know you have all the Secret from the Party, and pray what news laſt night *Monſieur*? when ſhall we have ſome ſport? when will the French fleet come to an Anchor? ha.

Le Prat. Ah garzoon, I forgot to tell your Ladyſhip, dey are come already.

L. Addle. Are they come, codſoe that's rare: I'le have a Bonefire as

big

big as a Steeple, have they Landed? hah.

Le Frat. Morbleau twenty towſand at leaſt, brave valiant fellows, with reſolution like Lyons. Dey have ſcare all de Country round, they have burn two tre fowr of de Ancient Lofty Noble Thatch Cottage Morbleau dat ever was ſeen.

L. Addle. Rare news, Rare news, *Tearſhift* get ready my Jack-boots.

Le Frat. Dey have attaque de Enmys Intrenchement, and have taken two or three hundred of the boldeſt fatteſt braveſt——

L. Addle. Priſoners, humh, priſoners.

Le Frat. Sheep, Madam, ſheep, my Country-men allways take more ſheep den Priſoner, dey are of better uſe, by muſh.

Enter Tearſhift.

Tear. Madam, here's a Meſſenger come from the Boarding-School, to Invite your Ladyſhip to the Ball, and to ſee your Ladyſhips Daughter dance her new chacoone.

L. Addle. Oh with all my heart, come Gentlemen we'l all go; this news has made me ſo pleaſant, codſoe I could dance my ſelf.

Nicom. And there we ſhall ſee my Daughter *Moll* dance too, who'tho ſhe do's not dance ſo well Couzen, as her Ladyſhips Daughter, yet tho' I ſay't.

Bragg. Who? that's my wife that muſt be.

Nicom. As my Lady my wife pleaſes Couzen. *Moll* has Coool.

Brag. Ay that's well enough.

Le Frat. Come Madam, allons; [*goes to take Lady* Addleplots *hand and* Brag. *takes her away from him.*

Brag. Will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to walk?

Le Frat. Pox on your damn'd Engliſh breeding.

L. Addle. Two hundred ſheep: well I ſwear this *French* Monarch is a prodigious Conquerour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Boarding-School diſcovers Semibrif *Teaching Miſs* Molly *to Sing: Then Enter Young* Merriton, Coopee, *and* Jenny *dreſt in a Bib and Apron, A Pricks Song in one hand, and a great piece of Bread and Butter in t'other.*

Coopee. Take heed your Actions don't diſcover ye—— [*to* Y. Merriton. you are taken here for a Dancing-Maſter.

Y. Merr. I'le warrant ye, and if thou can'ſt but bring me into the dear Creatures apartment all my remaining time of life, ſhall ſtudy to requite the obligation.

Coopee. Not a word more, let me alone, follow me: [*Exeunt*

Semib. The Song I'le teach in the afternoon, in the mean time *Miſſe* praiſe the Trill: come—au ha au ha ah au au ah—— [*Trills*

Molly.

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw—— [*Trills awkardly.*

Semib. A plague; what, with your mouth full of bread and butter?— for shame empty your Chops *Misse* there's a Trill for the Devil, see me here au ha au ha au ha au——

Molly. Aw aw aw aw——hum!—— [*bites another piece.*

Semib. So, she has got her mouth full agen, well Miss *Molly*, but that I love ye very well, I assure ye I would not endure this: pray lay by the bread and butter and practise the Trill, I'le step into the next room and teach a little, and be here again presently:—— [*Exeunt.*

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw aw hum hum—— [*trills and bites together.*

Here Coopee *Re-enters and Sings this Song to the Minuet that he is dancing with* Jenny.

Make your Honours Misse, *tholl loll loll,*
Now to me Childe, tholl loll loll.
Aiery and easy now, tholl loll loll
Very well done Misse, *tholl loll loll*
Raise up your Body Childe, tholl loll
Then you in time will rise: hoh, tholl, la.

(2)

Hold up your head Misse, *tholl loll loll*
Wipe your Nose Child, tholl loll
When I press on ye, tholl loll loll
Fall Back easy Misse, *tholl loll loll*
Keep out your toes too, tholl loll loll
Then you'l learn presently, hoh, tholl, la.

(3)

Bear your hips Swimmingly, tholl loll loll
Keep your Eyes languishingly, tholl loll loll
Zoons where's your Ears now? tholl loll loll
Leave off your Jerking, tholl loll loll
Keep your knees open, tholl loll loll
Else you will never do: hoh tholl la.

(4)

If you will love me Misse, *tholl loll loll loll*
You shall Dance rarely Childe, tholl loll loll,
You are a Fortune Misse, *tholl loll loll*
And must be Married Child, tholl loll loll
Give me your Mony Misse, *tholl loll loll*
Then I will give you my, hoh tholl la.

Jenny.

Jenny. Oh dear Mr. *Coopee* indeed I love you very well, and will do any any thing you'd have, but pray let me go now, for I'm ſo hungry——

[*Runs out.*

Coopy. The Poor little Tit's as coming as heart can wiſh, I'm reſolv'd to ſnap her, for I hear ſhe's a fortune and worth while.

Enter Crowſtich.

Crow. Jane, let the Buck-basket be got ready for the foul-cloaths, de'e hear, and bid the Landreſs take care to mend all the ſhifts; theſe great Ramping-girles do ſo tear their Linnen, it almoſt makes me wilde.

Coopee. Your Servant Mrs *Crowſtich.*

Crow, How de'e Mr. *Coopee*, and de'e hear bid the Cook-maid Cut a hundred and fifty pieces of bread and butter round the Loaf; theſe *Hoyden* tits have plague'e Stomachs.

Coopee. What is it breakfaſt time with 'em already then?

Crow. Always at nine a Clock, and they watch the hour as warily—as a Parſon does his Glaſs when he is tired with preaching; this is their bread and butter-days, and each of 'em has a full half yard by meaſure, of which if there were but an Inch wanting, the greedy things will cry they are ſtarv'd, and complain to their parents.

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw aw aw hum—— [*trills, bites, and romps about.*

Crow. There's one now, I vow and ſwear Mr. *Coopee* I am quite tir'd with that Romp there. Coming down Stairs this morning, what do you think I ſaw, I proteſt that great Beare there getting a ſtride upon *John* the Gardeners back as he was ſtooping down to gather a Sallet.

Coopee. Ha ha ha ha — [*Exit* Coopee. [Molly *Romps about.*

Molly. What if I did? what then? what need you care? pray—aw aw.

Crow. But i'faith gentlewoman, you ſhall be well flaſh'd for't, the Governeſs has a Clawing Rod a making:— [*Claps her hand and Exit.*

Molly. Aw aw aw aw aw aw—— [*makes mouths at her.*

Enter Jenny *with a large piece of Bread and butter.*

Jenny. Oh Sifter, what did *John Gardner* do to you pray? oh law, oh law——

Molly. What's that to you long Noſe, oh law oh law.

Jenny. My Governeſs will order ye ſhe vows, and I'le tell my Mother on ye I'm reſolv'd, ſhe'l be here this afternoon.

Molly. And I'le tell my Father then how you peep'd upon Mr. *Coopee* t'other day when he was going a Swimming. [*Romps and puſhes her.*

Jenny. Ay tell tell Snotty-noſe, what care I, my mother can order you, and my father both pray; beſides [*puſhes her*] huſſy you peep'd as well as I that you did, ſo you did.

Molly. Go, go baby, and make dirt-pyes again, my father ſays I ſhall have a husband ſhortly pray.

Jenny. You,——my mother will bring me a tall huge husband home next

week, and methinks I long for a tall huge husband, and I am to leave off my Bib and Apron too. [*bites her bread and butter.*

Jenny. The maids won't lye with you, you do I know what a bed.

Molly. Oh law, that's a great lye, and I'le tear your Eyes out.

Jenny. Huſſy I'le pull your head off. [*throws her bread and butter*

Molly. You ſhan't think to tell ſuch Lyes on me to make Mr. *Semibreif* hate me, I le tear ye alive firſt. [*they pull and hawl one another*

Enter Crowſtich *with a great Rod.*

Crow. Rare work indeed, come Gentlewoman the Governeſs would ſpeak with ye.

Molly. Oh oh oh—— [*howls out* [*leads her out*

Jenny. So, I'me glad on't i'vads, ſhe'l be laſh'd Swingingly. [*Romps off another way.*

ACT III. *S*CENE I.

Enter Young Merriton, Mirtilla *and* Coopee.

Coopee. I'le go and act a Centry without, and if any body comes this way, ſhoot off my piece and give ye warning.

Y. Merrit. Ah dear Rogue I'me oblig'd to thee for ever. [*Exit* Coopee.

Mirtill. The reverence I have to the very name of my worthy Foſter-father Mr. *Merriton*, to whom you ſay you are related, and to whoſe virtue I ſtand Indebted, for all the Comforts of this life makes me ſubmit my ſelf with more willingneſs to this your Importunity, elſe Sir, believe me, I ſhould think this Lonely viſit very improper, and not at all Concurring with my honour.

Y. Merrit. Your honour is a thing, I would defend againſt a World of Enemies, then think not Sweet that I would willingly do any thing to blaſt it, I know this private viſit may be cenſur'd, but not whileſt 'tis a Secret, as 'tis now, I had no other way to expreſs my love, and not to have done it would have made me Miſerable.

Mirtill. You Imagine Sir that my Soul is Muſicall, and therefore treat me with that tuneſull word; but build not Sir, too much upon my weakneſs, for tho' my heart is tender and unartfull, and love's a Bait moſt proper to deceive me, yet virtue is a guard.

Y. Merr. There needs no guard Sweet Angell againſt a Love ſo honourable as mine, the world is full of Treachery, and our Sex are brooding miſcheifs dayly againſt yours, but I alas am of another Mould, my Soul by fate was deſign'd for your Slave, my heart ſtill moves the narrow conſtant Road, in hopes in your's to finde at laſt it's heaven.

Mirtill,

Mirtilla. Oh that bewitching tongue would charm a Saint, [*aside.*]
you are not of the humour of the Town then : [*to him.*]

Y. Merrit. I hate the Town and the vain Crowd are in it, the Biass'd Court and Mercenary City where gorg'd with Ignorance and Luxury, Wit is disgrac'd, the Sciences despis'd, and modest Merrit mourns in Rags it's fortune, 'tis the Epitome of the nauseous world whose vices I with such fell-hate persue that I love nothing near the Town but you.

Mirtill. In Loving me you doubly wrong your self,
I having Sir not power to make return.

Y. Mer. Your heart is sure your own.

Mirtill. Most certainly : but where I give a heart I'le give a Fortune, and that alas my Niggard Stars deny me, yet think not that I neglect an honest Love ; for to slight Merit were a baseness in me; no, you shall find worth has a Friend of me, and shares my best acknowledgements and praise : you are a Man compleat by Heaven and Nature, most qualified with Wit and rarest Arts, which from my Soul I always lov'd and honour'd, and therefore she that gains ye must be happy, but I whilst stinted by Injurious fate, can bring no equall value, therefore must think ye a Jewell much too Rich for me to wear.

Y. Mer. How near to Heaven is my present Joy, from that sweet mouth to hear my self thus prais'd ; Oh thou dear source of all my wordly blessings, Eternal Rapture charms me from thy tongue, and whilst I hear thee I am deify'd, to lose thee were damnation so Infallible, I question whether there could be a greater. [*kneels and Embraces her.*

Mirtill. Nay, Rise Sir, or you'l make me dye with blushing.

Y. Mer. Ah make me happy then, and give consent.

Mirtill. To what ?

Y. Mer. To Marriage, to perform, sweet Angell that blessed work thou wert Created for.

Mirtill. Ah, Poverty and Marriage never suit.

Y. Mer. Thou hast all *Cræsus* Treasure in thy Virtues, and I in gaining thee shall be far Richer.

Mertill. You think so now, but when want makes me troublesome then you'l ubraid and Chide me.

Y. Mer. Ah never, never, can I chide my Genius for making my days happy ?

Mirtill. I can be Constant Sir, therefore have patience, fortune may change and give to one or p'other the Power to oblige.

Y. Mer. A curst Fortune, still to Justice blinde,
Averse to Merit, but to Ideots kinde :
Thou Misers Darling, and trifle of the Brave,
Niggard to the Poor, but to the Rich a Slave :
How nicely happy all Mankind would be,
Thou Nauseous Common-Whore, wer't not for thee.
How now ——

Enter Coopee *haſtily.*

Coop. Come, come, give him your hand quickly, here's *Crowſtich* the Teacher coming, you muſt dance for your Liberty now Sir.

Enter Crowſtich *with a Night-rayle.*

Crow. Madam, pray do's this Implement belong to you or to *Miſſe Scatterwater*, yonder Laundry-Wench will face me down, that——— Bleſs me, who's here [*ſees* Mer.] how now Mr. *Semibrief*— who's that there in the Ladys quarters? [*folds up the ſhift haſtily.*

Coop. A Brother Hop-Merchant of mine Mrs. *Crowſtich* that I brought here o help to teach a little, having a lame leg.

[Mer. *halts and danses awkerdly.*

Crow. Come, come, you'l be wanted now in the Dancing-Room, there's my Lady *Addleplot* come already, and a great deal of good Company.

Coop. Odſoe we muſt make haſte then, for there's to be Singing beſides the Entertainment of a young Indian Lady:
A new Boarder that is to Dance.

Mirtill. Sir, you'l remember to teach me the new Chacune.

[*ſmiling on* Merrit.

Y. Mer. Any thing that's mine, Madam.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Dancing-Room.

In the Front appears ſeveral of the Boarders as Seated for the Ball, and on the ſide of the Stage others ſitting as Spectators; among the reſt L. Addleplot, Tearſhift: *L.* Stroddle, *and other Ladies, and on the middle of the Stage* Le Prate, Y. Bragg, *and* Semibrief.

Le Prat. Ah *Jernie* vat a filthy place is this when compare vid our School in *France*, no Decorum, no Ornament, no Freſco, begar metink it ſtink a like a de Kitchin of de Lord Mawor— or the hold of a Ship begar.

Semib. Ah Sir, our Noſes are not ſo Nice here in *England.*

Le Prat. Dat is as much as ſay you are all Sloven in *England*, gazoon your Jantee *French* Dancing-Maſter, all wear perfume and cover them all over vid rare Pulvile to take away de nauſeous ill Ayre. Ugh——ugh,——oh fogh tis Intollerable.

Enter Crowſtich *with Miſs* Jenny *holding a Waxwork Baby in a Glaſs.* Mirtill, Y. Merriton, *and* Coopee—— *Miſs* Jenny *asks Bleſſing.*

L. Addle. Bleſs ye, Bleſs my good Child, and make her a good woman, and

and the mother of many Children: I think she's grown since I saw her last, *Mrs. Cromstich.*

Crom. mightily Madam, mightily, would she would grow in grace as much.

L. Addle. Lord save her pretty Moppet, hold up your head *Jenny*, and go and make a Courtesy to my *Lady Stroddle* :—

L. Strod. Your servant pretty *Misse* :—Indeed Madam, [*kisses her*] as your Ladyship says she's grown extreamly, *Misse*, you are almost fit for a husband already; hah Child.

Misse Jen. Hoh hoh hoh hoh—— [*laughs and makes a Courtesy ridiculously*

Crom. Fye, *Miss Jenny* where are your hands now? have I not told ye you must remember to put 'em thus always; when you make a Courtesy? [*Misse Courtesys again.*

L. Addle. That's my good Girl, *Monsieur Le Frat* and Cozen *Bonnier* you don't see *Misse* and her fine work here.

Le Prat. Madam, I beg your Ladyships pardon, and I am your most Obedient Slave pret. *Misse*.—— [*kisses her, and she Courtesys.*

Y. Brag. Dear Sweet Pretty Creature your's:—[*kisses her.*

L. Strod. Well I vow madam these Nudities are very Ingenious; the Child is Extravagantly well bred.

Le Prat. Monsieur *Coopee* a word with you.

[*Prat goes aside and makes motions as if dancing.*

Semibr. Here comes the t'other Romp that I told ye was so fond of me, I have hopes of getting her, for they say she's a swinging fortune.

[*Enter* Nicompoop *and* Molly.

Y. Mer. Which on my Conscience will be no hard matter for thee to Compass.

Semibr. I hope so, I'le try:—

Nicom. Come *Molly*, wipe thy eyes Child, I'le take thee away from 'em to morrow, they shall whip thee no more seriously— [*weeps.*

Molly. Ugh ugh ugh ugh—— [*Sobs and makes faces.*

Nicom. Go and ask my Lady my wife blessing, and then come to me again, de'e hear *Molly*:—that's a good girl.

Y. Brag. This is my wife that is to be, if my Lady can bubble the old Cuckold to give consent: d'sheart what shall I do with it 'tis a meer Baby. [Molly *goes and asks blessing and then rises up and runs to her father.*

L. Addle. Fogh, my Lady *Stroddle*, did your Ladyship ever see such a Nauseous thing? 'tis so like the Father.

L. Stroddle. Her face has Mr. *Deputys* Clumsie Cut indeed Madam.

Le Prat. All dis, Monsieur *Coopee* I can shew you in less time den one half hour—tah tah—I have two tre hundre of de most admirable French step—

hark

hark you me I will tell a you in four words.

Coopee. Four words Sr. you have spoke above four thousand in less then a minute. I can hear no more, I must beg your pardon, I must go teach.

[*goes out from him,*

Le Prat. Monsieur *Merriton*, did you ever see such a dam English Puppy? I tell you vat Sir.

[*Le Prat makes motions as in*

T. Merriton. And briefly too, Sr. or else —— [*Earnest discourse.*

T. Brag. And did the Governess whip her, say ye Sir? Why this is barbarous, but yet I see she's pretty brisk for all her Jerking.

Nicom. Brisk, nay, the Girl is mettle to the back seriously, but I'le take her away to morrow I'me resolv'd, they shall jerk no Child of mine, if it must be done, I'le have the jerking her my self.

T. Brag. Well said Mr. *Deputy*, 'ds'heart what a thing of a Spouse shall I have?

Enter Coopee *with Guittars.*

Jenny. Oh here's dear Mr. *Coopee*, —— Sir your most humble Servant.

Coopee. Yours dear *Misse*, I have brought your Guittarr here, and harkee you'l be sure to be ready to morrow to get out as we have contriv'd.

Jenny. Yes I warrant ye, and you shall see I'le do it to Cunnigay.

[*aside.*

L. Addle. Oh *Jenny* has got her Guittarr, pray look upon her Madam, there's an Ayre, there's a shape, there's an Ingenious look, fogh 'tother awker'd Romp makes me sick.

Le Prat. De deevill take a me if in de space of half an hour *Monsieur Merriton*, I would not have tell a dat Ignorant English Puppy all dis, and hark you I vill tell you one ting more—

T. Mer. No more *Monsieur*, not a word upon my faith, I am almost deaf already, besides I must see the Dance.

[*flings away from him.*

Le Prat. Dis is ver strange dey vill no hear me speak, begar.

Here the Romps perform a Ridiculous Dance with Guittars out of Tune.

L. Addle. Very fine, upon my honour, those Guittarrs agree with the dance admirably —— hold up your head *Jenny*.

L. Stroddle. And gives 'em a dellicate Ayre, Madam, oh 'tis extream fine.

T. Mer.

Y. Mer. The Devil it is, gad a half-tub ſtrung with Packthread is better Muſick by half.

Enter Jiltall *in an Indian habit, and* Oyley

Le Prat. Zoon who is dis I ſee my dear Sweet pret Metreſſe *Betty* in diſguiſe, I muſt know vat dis mean [*goes and whiſpers* Oyley.

Y. Merion. Oh yonder's the Sham-Indian Heireſs the Rogue *Ambitious* Plee has dreſs'd her rarely.

[*Here* Jiltall *Dances.*]

[*Then the Scene ſhuts out the reſt.*

Le Prat, Jernie Metreſſe *Oyley* you raviſh me to tell me dat your Lady came in diſguiſe to entertain me.

Oyley. 'Tis moſt Certainly ſo Sr, you are moſt extreamly in her favour, this was a fit of Jealouſie in her to finde what Lady you hanker'd after: ——I finde the Fool has money now. [*aſide.*

Le Prat. Jealouſy begar is as true a ſigne of Love as huffing is of Cowardice, ah garzoon I languiſh, I dye, for her, dear Metreſſe *Oyley* can you tink I may Enter de fort of her favour for one hundred Guinny.

Oyley. A 100. Guinnys, ay, any ſum in Chriſtendom *Monſieur* aſſure your ſelf.

Le Prat. Begar here dey are den but where, how ſhall I kiſſe her fair hand Dear Sweet Charming Metreſſe *Oyley.* [*ſhews a purſe.*

Oyley. The Frenchman's as hot as if he were Bombing a fort in good Earneſt——well, have patience a little *Monſieur*, and by and by——I'le bring you a Note.—— [*for your money you French Fool* [*aſide*

Le Prat. Aw I underſtand a you——mum——

L. Strod. The Captain has a great many taking Qualities I perceive Madam; Pray Sir what Country-man are ye?

Y. Brag. If I ſhould ſpeak truth now, and tell her my Mother was a Sinder-wench, and that I was whelp'd in the *Mews* Dunghill, how my Lady will be ſurpriz'd [*aſide.*] Madam, my Native Country was *Arabia Fœlix*, My father was a very near Relation to *Preſter John*, The *Bouncers* of *Affrica* are the Ancienteſt Family in the World Madam, for my own part thirſting after Glory, I left my Country to aſſiſt at the late memorable Seige of *Buda*, where I ſtood upon the Breach juſt by the Governour at the Storming of the Town, I ſaw him fall, and narrowly Scap'd my ſelf; after which action acquainting my ſelf with a famous Engliſh Officer, one Collonell *Bragg*, I came over hither, where I ſoon learnt the Language, and had the honour to Igratiate my ſelf with her moſt noble Ladyſhip.

Le Prat. Oh dat is certain de Bounſers be ver great Family in *France* too.

[Oyley *comes and gives* Le Prat. *a Note in an Orange*

Y. Mer.

Y. Mer. The Lyers indeed are a great Family all the World over, now rather then not prate at all with that *French* Fool, joyn with t'other in his monſtrous vanity. [*to* Coopee

Coop. If he's neither Singing, Dancing, nor Prating, you may conclude a *French* Man dead at any time.

Enter Nicompoop *and* Molly *crying.*

Nicom. Oh Cozen, as I was ſtanding at the door, juſt now, who ſhould come by but that old ſawcy Granadeer who had the Impudence to affront ye ſo yeſterday, I told him you were within here, and that you would have him whip'd, and ſeriouſly, what does the old Raſcall do but gave me a huge Box o'th Ear, call'd you a Thouſand Sons of Whores, kickt *Molly*, beat two of my Ladys Footmen that took my part, and is juſt now forcing his way in hither ſeriouſly, o Lord !

Y. Brag. D'sheart what ſhall I do, this is my old dog of a Father, now ſhall I be diſgrac'd for ever.

Enter Old Bragg *fighting with two Footmen.*
Y. Merriton, *and* Le Prate *part 'em.*

Le Prat. Jernie—vat is de meaning of dis ſa, ſa, vat a Plague do you do.

O. Brag. Let me go and I'le beat the Rogues into Paſte.

Y. Mer. What's the matter Friend ?

O. Brag. Oh are you there Sirrah? [*runs to* Y. Bragg. what you threaten to have me Whipt de'e, you Prodigall Son of a Whore—harkee dogbolt, who am I ? hah !

Y. Brag. The Devill, I think, I'me ſure y'are as great a plague to me, [*aſide.*
I muſt face him down with Impudence ; there's no way elſe—what art thou mad old fellow ? who wouldſt thou ſpeak with ? ha!

O Brag. Mad old fellow, here's an Impudent Raſcall, what you have forgot me Rogue, have ye ? but I'le rub up your Memory preſently !—
[*offers to draw*, Merrit. *holds him.*

Y. Merr. Why how now old Armour of proof de'e know to whom you give this Language, the Gentleman's a Captain.

O. Brag. Why let him be a Collonell, he's my Son, and I'le call him as many Rogues and Raſcalls as I pleaſe.

Y. Brag. Would I had been the Son of a Coach-horſe. [*aſide*

Y. Merr. Thy Son, ha ha ha, this is pleaſant i'faith; art thou the ſtock of the Ancient family of the *Bounners* of *Affrica* ha ha ha ha ha.—

Le Prat. De fellow has not bin bred in *France* dat I'me ſure.

Y. Brag. Hark'e Sir, I'me Courting a young Lady here that has ſix thouſand pound fortune, follow my directions and recover my credit, and you ſhall have half. [*to* Old Brag.

O. Brag.

O. Brag. Six Thousand Pounds—

Y. Brag. Every Farthing Sir; 'tis she yonder that stands by the old Gentleman.

O. Brag. And shall I have half, *Neddy?* [*Altering his Tone.*

Y. Brag. You shall; therefore own your self to be Colonel *Brag*, an Acquaintance of mine at the Siege of *Buda*, and let me alone for the rest.

O. Brag. Why, this is fair now *Neddy*; now you don't abuse and slight your old Father, you are a good Boy—— Three thousand Pounds! Gad Zooks! 'tis enough to make me a Colonel indeed.

Y. Brag. Mind your Cue; Ha, ha, ha, ha: Come dear Colonel, 'tis enough now, prithee leave off thy Joking, I see my Lady is surprized at it. Why Madam, and Gentlemen, this was nothing but a Jest all this while, this is my dear Friend Colonel *Brag* that I met withal at *Buda*——

O. Brag. Yes Madam, I am Colonel *Brag*, and as the Captain says, we met together at *Buda*.

Y. Merr. Methinks your Habit is not very like a Colonel, Sir.

L. Prat. Jernie de ver, resemblance of de English nasty foot Granadeer.

Y. Brag. Oh, a Jest, a Jest, the Colonel has often these Frolicks to come abroad in a Disguise; he has some Design in this now I warrant.

L. Addle. I warrant he is a Colonel o'th wrong side, by his beating my Footmen; the Rebels all know my Livery, and have a spite at it; and therefore pray tell him, Cozen, I care not for such Roysters Company.

Y. Brag. Sir, you'd do well to humour my Lady a little in her way, she's a great Stickler against the Government.

O. Brag. What, you'd have me speak Treason, would you ye Rogue, and so hoist my self to the Gallows before I'm aware.

Y. Brag. Would thou wert hoisted there fifty Cubits high: Dsheart, this old Scoundrel will discover all yet, I see by his awkward Carriage. *Aside.*

L. Addle. A Filthy Beast! Come, Madam, let's leave him, and go and give order for our Bonfire. Madam, are your Ladyship's Jack-Boots ready.

L. Strod. They were liquor'd this Morning, Madam; I'm ready in a Minute.

L. Addle. Mr. Alderman, Come, let's go; Cozen Bouncer, come you away too from the Old Rebel, I have occasion to use ye.

Y. Brag. I'le wait on ye, Madam. Meet me at the Magpy-Tavern at Nine. [*To O. Brag.*] [*Exeunt* L. Addle. L. Strod. Thrum. Y. Brag

O. Brag. Enough, I'le come—— Gentlemen, Good buy [*Exit* O. Brag.

Y. Merr. Oh, your Servant good Colonel *Musquet*, ha, ha, ha, I will know the bottom of this Cheat I'm resolv'd, and to effect it thou shalt go and invite 'em to a Glass of Wine with me to morrow.

Coopee. That old Fellow is certainly a Counterfeit; but what is t'other? is he really a Captain?

Y. Merr. No more than thou art a General: 'Tis the Common Title now-a-days for all the Bullies, Shop-lifts, Robbers, Pimps, Panders and Rakehels about the Town; any tall Fellow that can but get a red Coat on's Back is dubb'd a Captain presently. But prithee let's go, whilst the Monsieur is busie yonder, for fear he should thrust himself upon us; and dear Rogue, procure me but another Meeting to Morrow with *Mirtilla*, and then I'm thine for ever.

Coopee. I'le do what I can, but you may thank your Dancing Faculty.

Exeunt Mer. *and* Coopee.

Le Prat. Jernie, heer be de very pret Fancy, a Sheny Orange vid de Billet Doux wrap in it; ha, ha, ha, let a me ſee now vat it ſay? Ha!—'Tis from my dear ſweet Mrs. *Betty*, Begar——I'le go into the Garden and read it, for I ſee here come more Company. [*Exit.*

Enter Rakehel, Amorous, *and* Jiltall, *in a Rage.*

Jiltall. Patience! Talk not to me of Patience, Mr. *Amorous*, I will have Juſtice.

Amor. You ſhall, Madam, you ſhall.

Jiltall. I'le have him hang'd, I'le make a Parliament buſineſs of it, I'le make him an Example to all villanous cheating Guardians; I'le mount him, tho it coſt me half the Eſtate.

Rakehel. This is a very Indian Devil.

Amor. 'Tis well ſhe's ignorant who you are, Sir; for ſhe has ſuch a Deviliſh Spirit, that, Gad, if ſhe knew, ſhe'd go near to tear ye to pieces.

Rake. The very Iſſue of a Dragon; Gadzooks, I'm afraid to come near her.

Jiltall. Would I had the Villain here, I'd tear his Throat out with theſe Fingers, I'de chop him into more pieces than ever *Medæa* did her Brother *Abſirtus* in Story: What ſay you, Sir? would not you help me to murder the Villain, hah—

Rakehel. O yes, Madam; I'd have a Leg or an Arm of the Raskal if he were here. [*Trembling.*

Jiltall. A Treacherous bloody kidnabbing Villain, hah, Sir!

Rakehel. Oh, a Rogue, a Rogue, a very Rogue!

Jiltall. Oh that this Dagger were in his Hearts Blood.

Rakehel. He were right ſerv'd if it were, Madam. [*Shud how I tremble.*

Jiltal. But the Gallows ſhall perform the Work more decently; therefore Mr. *Amorous*, if you have any Love for me, as you profeſs, loſe not a minute's time in the Proſecution; you know the Witneſſes are all ready, and want nothing but a Summons; I think the Law cannot fail to do me right in ſo notorious an Abuſe; but if it ſhould, I ſwear by *Mars*, *Apollo*, *Venus*, *Mercury*, and all the Powers of Fire, Air, Earth and Water, rather than let my Cauſe be left in the Lurch, I'le ſtab him, tho I do it in the Church. *Exit.*

Rakehel. Ay, there I would give thee leave, for I never come into one; but that's all one on my Conſcience, this Fury will be the Death of me one way or other.

Amor. Certainly, Sir; For to ſay Truth, ſhe has often a mad Fit takes her, and then ſhe fears neither God, Man, nor the Devil; ſhe got it with drinking Brandies and Hot Waters in the Indies, Sir.

Rakehel. Well Cozen, I ſee I muſt depend upon thee—What relief, hah?

Amor. Why, Sir, to ſhew what a Value I have for ye, and what Care for your Reputation, make up the Eſtate of Seven Hundred a Year that I ſold ye, a Thouſand, and ſettle it upon me, and I'll inſtantly marry her, and give you a Diſcharge for all the reſt.

Rakehel. Well, well, I'le do't Nephew, I'le do't, ; for I find, if I ſhould carry it againſt her by Law, I ſhall never carry my own Guts in quiet

an

an hour after; she'll have her Dagger amongst 'em before I'm aware.

Amor. Ay Sir, besides the Disgrace of Kidnapping you know.

Rakehel. Ay, 'tis time; but Mum for that, good Nephew; thou knowest all Flesh is frail, and 'twas a shrewd Temptation: Go, go, and get the Writings ready, and I'le Seal to Morrow: But prithee when thou hast Married her, keep her within doors; for Gadzooks, I had rather eat a Fricassy of Souls with *Belzebub*, than meet her in my Dish again.

Exit Rakehel.

Re-enter Jiltall.

Jilt. Ha, ha, ha, ha——— Is he gone?

Amor. And most damnably frighted, what betwixt the shame of being taken for a Kidnapper, and his own Cowardly Apprehensions of being Murdered, he's een out of his Wits; the business is done, ye little Devil, the Writings are going to be drawn for a thousand a year, and he's to seal to Morrow.

Jiltal. Ah, dear Dog, I am glad on't for thy sake, Ivads *Jacky*; and I think I acted to the Life.

Amor. Rarely, Rarely, and thy Settlement shall fare ne're the worse for't; it may chance to swell to Five Hundred a year now, ye dear Devil you.

[*Kisses her.*

Jilt. No indeed sweet Blood, that's too much I'm afraid, you'l think I'm mercenary, *Jacky*; Mrs. *Strikeup*, Sir *Thomas Rental*'s Mistress, 'tis true, has Five Hundred a year; but for my part, my dear Honey, sweet Puppy-face, thou art so charming I can love thee without ere a Groat.

Amor. Ah! dear *Betty*, I love thee so entirely, that I think I can never do enough for thee: Prithee' lets go and be private a little, shall we?

Jilt. Not now, dear *Jacky*, there's the Governess and some other Boarders in my Chamber, who expect me at supper, but to morrow my Honny-suckle Rogue I'le be thine all day——till when my little dear sweet Apes Face, adieu —— Ah Sirrah, I'm too fond of thee [*Strokes and kisses him and* Exit.

Amor. Well, go thy ways, if all thy charming Sex had Souls like thee despising base Confinement and wore thy constant kind endearing humor, in what a forlorn state were Matrimony! A Wife! why is not she the best of Wives, that loves me, that pleases and indulges my desires, and all still upon honour, without force, and this, dear *Betty*, is thy Character.

Marriage the product of Convenience is,
'Tis Love with Freedom brings the truest Bliss.

Enter Le Prate *from the Garden.*

Le Prat. Ha, ha, ha, ha———

Amor. How now, what makes this French Puppy here grinning? so Monsieur, you are very merry, I see.

Le Prat. Merry! ay begar, I have de ver good reason too if you knew all—dis Lettra dat you see here make me de most happy person in de whole World, begar.

Amor. A Letter! what from some young thing here I warrant, that's smitten with thy airy parts; come prithee—discover thou knowest I am thy Friend, art stealing a Fortune here? hah—

Le Prat. Dam Fortune, shee's a blind Bawd dat obliges none, but Fool begar; dis Intreague is beyond all de Fortune in de World, which because you are de Man of Honour I will communicate; you must know den dat here is great Beauty in dis Town dat goes by the name of Madam *Filtal.*

Amor. Ha, *Filtal!* ——

Le Prat. A rare Creature, both for de Shape, de Wit, de Beauty, and every ting dat is incomparable.

Amor. So, Sir.

Le Prat. Now you must know dat as intreaguing is de very soul of de French, and my self being always great Admirer of dat Gallantry, I have endear my merit so much in her Favour, by de Song, de Fiddle, de Present, and oder ting shall be nameless, dat she came yesterday hither in an Indian habit to meet me.

Amor. To meet you ——

Le Prat. Yes, begar, ha, ha, ha, vas not ver pretty frolick, hah, for you must know dat we have sometime met together in oder place before now.

Amor. Damnation! What does this Rascal mean? [*Aside*] This must be my *Betty*, it can be no other—— So Sir, and that Letter is from her, is it?

Le Prat. Just now sent to invite me to her private Chamber, where dere is de Bed, and Couch, and Chair, and all oder convenience; ah, 'tis full of de most tender obliging expression dat ever vas writ; dere, read, you shall find she has great deal of Wit —— she's ver fine person, ma foy.

Amor. Hell take me if it be not her own Character! Oh patience!

[*Reads the Letter.*

Your Merits, dear Sir, have so won upon my heart that I can no longer defer your desire; therefore you may come, if you please, by the Back Garden up Stairs into my Apartment; for I'm obliged to stay here to night upon some urgent occasion; now is your time, and to endear ye more, know that I intend to feign my self sick to a young passionate Fool that loves me and waits for admittance, to possess the greater pleasure of enjoying your sweet Company.

Le Prat. Ay, dat Fool, dat Fool, de turning away of dat Fool dat wait, please me most of all —— ha, ha, ha, vat tink you? Hah, is not she an Angel?

Amor. A down right Devil.

Le Prat. Deevle! who, who, Jernie, vat are you tinking on? Oh you are surprised at her Wit are you? ha, ha, ha, vel begar, I believe she has the richest brain in all *England*, ma foy, and is assurement the greatest

Amor. Jilt in *Europe*, By Heaven! Oh — Confound her, is all [*Stamps* the Vows and Fondness come to this —— Ah dear *Merriton*, now I confess my Blindness and thy Judgment.

Le Prat. Hey! Vat a Diable is de matra? nay, nay, if you be mad, come give me de Lettra, and let me go, for I long to be embracing de dear, dear ravishing Creature dat stay for me.

Amor. Why then let me tell you, Monsieur *Rantipol tanto*, you shall not have her Letter, nor shall you go to her neither.

Le Prat. Hey morbleau, vat time of the Moon is dis, — vat you mean Monsieur! —

Amor. Why I mean to ſignifie to ye Monſieur, that this charming Angel of yours has been my Whore this ſeven years; I ſettled an Eſtate upon her in 87, carried her to *Flanders* in 88, and ſpent two thouſand pounds upon her in 89, brought her over with me in 90, and now this preſent year find my ſelf jilted and reſolve a Revenge, therefore conſent to quit all pretenſions to her inſtantly or draw

Le Prat. Draw, dis is ver fine begar, I come beeder to make Love and you will force me to make War, but it never ſhall be ſay dat a Frenchman deſert his Miſtreſs or his Intreague —— Come on Monſieur ſa, ſa.

[*Leaps backward and fences at a diſtance.*

Amor. A Plague, what you are dancing a Galliard, are ye —— Come I'le ſhew ye an Engliſh ſtep Sir, [*Preſſes in, fights and diſarms him.*

Le Prat. Gazoon, vat dam Fortune is dis? I have ſhame my Country—begar, dis is de firſt time dat ever de French were foil'd.

Amor. Oh Sir, you are ill-read in Hiſtory I find; come, there's your Sword agen, you ſee I ſcorn to make you beg your Life; therefore in return of Honour, fail not to meet me here to morrow at this time; I have buſineſs with ye——

Le Prat. Begar, you are ver brave Fellow, therefore I'le come; and dee hear Monſieur, when ever our great Monarch come and conquer your Country, de Devil take a me but I will do as much for you.

Amor. Oh, I thank ye Sir.

Le Prat. Dis is ver brave Fellow, ma foy, but a Plague of his dam Engliſh ſtep for all dat. [*Exit* Le Prate

Amor. And now to ruminate on my Revenge,
And right my ſelf in this ſtrange turn of Fortune;
For oh, I lov'd this Jilt beyond my Reaſon,
Wounded my Heart afreſh, and every night
Fancied I had the firſt ſweet budding Noſegay,
When every Flower was common in the Market.
Suppoſe I poiſon or I ſtrangle her,
Why, I ſend her to th' Devil, my ſelf to th' Gallows.
What ſatisfaction! Suppoſe I trade with ſome of her Aunts the Bawds, and get the Pox and give it her, why then the Venom of her own Nature will relieve it, and I alone am wretched, or ſhould I cut her into little Morſels, like a true Serpent, every part would live, and every part would joyn agen to ſting me. No, I have it, the Purſe is the Whores mortal part, I'll ſtab her there.

Learn this by me you that deſert kind Wives,
And with this curſed Tribe debauch your Lives;
For Gold you gain a thouſand ſweets and dears;
But ceaſe to pay and then the Punk appears. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT,

ACT. IV.

SCENE I. A Tavern.

Enter Y. Merriton *and* Amorous.

Y. Mer. TO laugh at thee is not like a Friend, and to rail at her would be to no purpoſe: I only hope thou wilt value my Judgment another time, and in the preſent juncture make a good uſe of this lucky diſcovery.

Amor. I warrant thee, thou ſhalt as much value me for my diſcretion now, as thou didſt formerly wonder at me for my ſtrange ſtupidity; but yet by Heaven it ſhocks my very Nature to think ſuch barbarous Ingratitude could injure ſuch true Love.

Y. Merr. That Love was rather a Diſeaſe in thee than otherwiſe; thou hadſt a Callenture, and thy ſtrange Madneſs muffled her jilting Miſchiefs from thy Eyes.

Amor. Damn'd Mercenary Whore.

Y. Merr. Oh fie! How canſt thou rail at a poor Creature for acting of her kind. A Whore and Jilt are Boot and Spur, the one depends on t'other, and 'tis unreaſonable to expect a ſeparation; and if thou thinkeſt thy Wit or Love could make her conſtant, thou art weaker ſtill; for a Whore has no Love but what depends on Appetite; the courſeſt Food often goes down the beſt, and is juſt like one invited to an excellent Treat, yet is not ſatisfied, nor thinks himſelf well entertained, unleſs after all you let him take a naſty Pipe of Tobaco.

Drawer within. Half a Flask in the Kings Arms Score.

Amor. How near the curſed Nature of the Devil is ſuch a nauſeous Creature? Yet ſuch there are, I find.

Enter Drawer.

Sir, There's a Gentleman below deſires to ſpeak with ye.

Y. Merr. Oh, 'tis *Coopee*; go and ſend him up, Sirrah. [*Exit Drawer.* I employ'd him, *Jack*, about a pleaſant Diſcovery of the Colonel and Captain I told thee of—— Well, what now *Tom*?

Enter Coopee.

Coopee. They are coming, Sir; and 'twill make you laugh to ſee in what a ſtrange Romantick Dreſs the old ſham-Colonel's in now; he looks juſt like the old Picture of *Giddeon* in the Hangings, and ſtruts as if he were newly come from lapping at the River.

Y. Merr.

Y. Merr. I'me resolved to find out the Trick now; and if thou canst get the Romp and the Six Thousand Pounds, thou dost thy self a Profit, me a Pleasure.

Amor. What, the Rogue is stealing one of the Kitlings from the Boarding School, is he?

Coopee. Faith Sir, I think you have nicked it, for all she can do yet is to Purr and Mew a little, she is not come to her Scratching. But there has a plaguy Accident happened since I saw you last.

Y. Mer. What, Prithee? a Discovery of any thing?

Coopee. All, all, Faith; and the business is this Moment in Agitation; that damn'd Witch *Growstich* has told the Governess that I used to cram the Girl with Almonds and Reasons, and when I taught her to Dance, kiss her between every Step, upon which Mr. *Deputy* and my Lady are sent for this Afternoon; for my part I was discarded presently: But to shew ye that I have play'd my Game very well, just as I was going out of Door, the poor young Fool follow'd, and pretending to give me a Song-Book, pinn'd this Note to the first Leaf, ha, ha, ha— Here, you may read it if you can, for she does but just scrawl, and spells worse than a Town-Whore in a *Billet-doux.*

Y. Merr. Reads the Letter:

If you lose me as you portend, and will marro me, and let me go abroad to eat Cowstard and Chesscock as often as I please, I will lose you butter than my Father, and will come to you out at the Balcondey in the Jurdain at Eight a Clock, just after we have Soopt. I am, sweet Mr. Coopee, *your true Friend,*

Jenny Addleplot.

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha. One that never knew it might Swear that Letter came from a Boarding-School by the Lose and Butter that's in't.

Y. Merr. So, why this goes very well, hah, and thou intendest to be at the Balconey at the time appointed, do'st not?

Coopee. Most punctually: For I hear my Lady intends to match her to this Coxcombly Captain that's coming hither, but I'le prevent her Faith, I'le about it instantly. [*Exit* Coopee.

Y. Mer. Oh, here comes the Colonel——Now for the Discovery.

Enter O. Brag. *ridiculously dress'd like an Antick Officer, and* Y. Brag *with him.*

Y. Brag. Now, Sir, besure you don't discredit your self, but remember you are a Colonel still.

O. Brag. Sirrah, hold your Tongue, and leave off your sawcy Instructions, or as I am a true Granadeer——

Y. Brag. O Lord, O Lord, a Granadeer already!

O. Brag. A true Colonel I mean, Sirrah, I will swinge you incessantly.

Y. Merr. Oh Colonel, your most humble Servant, and Captain yours;— Pray know my Friend here [*They Salute.*

O. Brag. Gentlemen, I am your Worm to tread upon, the Lappet of your Shooe, your Slave of Slaves, and shall be proud to serve you, whether in the Celler, the Kitchen, or the Stable.

Y. Brag

Y. *Brag.* So now he talks like a Groom, a Tapster, and Scullion—I shall be undone.

Y. *Mer.* Oh, you debase your self too much, Colonel, for so great an Officer, performing such an Action as yours at the Siege of *Buda* qualifies ye to be a General to some great Monarch.

Amor. Pray Colonel, how is their Method of Fortification at *Buda?*

O. *Brag.* *Buda*, Sir?

Y. *Brag.* Ah, he's foundred already: Dsheart, Sir, own you have an ill Memory presently, or you'll spoil all. [*Aside.*

O. *Brag.* I've a very ill Memory Gentlemen, I hope you'll excuse me.

Y. *Bragg.* Tell 'em you hurt your Brain by catching a great Cold with lying in the Winter-Trenches in *Hungary.*

O. *Brag.* Why, when was I in *Hungary*, Sirrah? This Rogue crams so many Lies into my Mouth together, that Gadzooks, 'tis a pain to me to know which I shall get out first. [*Aside.*

Amor. You must needs be able to give a good Account of the famous Transaction at *Buda*, Sir: Come, pray let's hear.

Y. *Brag.* Say yes, yes Sir, and I'le help ye out. [*Aside to* O. Brag.

O. *Brag.* Yes, yes Sir, at least the Captain here can, if I can't. Go and manage your Lie your self ye Dog, I'm almost choak'd. [*Aside to* Y. Brag.

Y. *Brag.* We were both drawn out, Gentlemen, in the Detachment that receiv'd the Assault; the Colonel here, I must needs say, behav'd himself more like a Lion than a Man. And for my own part, I scap'd by Miracle; I fought on Foot three Hours by the Clock, when above twelve Great Field-Pieces play'd at me all the while as thick as Hail: I had the Honour to Horse the King of *Poland* twice, lent my own Sword to the Duke of *Bavaria* when he was in Distress; and at last, with a Clapper of a Bell, which a swinging *Turk* that I had just before kill'd, had us'd instead of a Battle-Ax, fought through their Vantguard, and came off safe in spite of 'em.

Y. *Merr.* A Clapper of a Bell! Why Captain, there are no Bells in *Turkey.*

Amor. No, Captain, no—The *Turks* never use any Bells or Clappers neither.

Y. *Brag.* Ah plague of my heedless Nonsense, what shall I say now [*Aside*

O. *Brag.* Hold ye, Gentlemen, hold ye, I can make it out plain: Now will I help the Rogue off at a dead Lift. [*Aside.*

Amor. What, that the *Turks* use Bells, Colonel Coddlebrain.

O. *Brag.* The *Turks*, No, no: But you must know that the Captain there was formerly Prentice to a Black-smith, and brought the Clapper th the Wars along with him. [Y. Brag. *frets and stamps.*

Y. *Merr.* Oh, that may be indeed—— Your Servant, Noble Captain.

Amor. Much Good may't do ye with your Clapper, worthy Captain.

Y. *Brag.* Ah, Pox of your Plain-dealing—— I'm disgrac'd for ever now: What do you mean by this Colonel, when was I Prentice to a Black-smith, hah! [*Kicks him.*

O. *Brag.* When? Why, what a damn'd shallow Brain hast thou: Why, wert not thou Prentice to Old *George Grimble* when I sold Brandy and Tobacco by the Chuach-wall at *Antwerp*, just the Winter before I listed my self a Granadeer.

Y. *Mer.*

Y. *Merr.* A Granadeer!

Y. *Brag.* Ah the Devil! now all's out, and nothing can retrieve it.

Amor. No, no, a Granadeer: He liſted himſelf a Colonel, I warrant; hah—what ſayſt thou?

O. *Brag.* Ay.

Y. *Merr.* Ay, a very fine Story you have made of this indeed, and I ſhall inform my Lady preſently of your great Merit and Extraction; and ſo my moſt Noble Black-ſmith Adieu.

Amor. Your Servant, honeſt Granadeer.

O. *Brag.* Hold Sir, tho the Captain here be a kind of a Coward, or ſo, yet you ſhall know that I have a Sword. [*Goes to Draw*

Y. *Merr.* And Dagger, I know it; all Granadeers have. Come, come, 'tis in vain to be teſty with us; there's Mony for the Wine, you can't do leſs than drink together when we are gone— Huſh, not a Word more.

Amor. Ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt* Mer. *and* Amor.

O. Brag. *and* Y. Brag. *ſtart at each other.*

Y. *Brag.* Ah! plague of your *Antwerp* Occupation, here's 6000 *l* loſt now, and the beſt Maintenance that ever Man had: Oh, I'm loſt, ruin'd for ever! I ſhall never be kept again; that touches the very Soul of me: Oh! What ſhall I do?

O. *Brag.* Why, take your Turkiſh Battle-Ax, and go to the Wars, Captain, you'l get Immortal Honour I know preſently; and ſo here's my Service to ye good Captain Clapper. [*Drinks to him.*

Y. *Brag.* Nay, let it be in ſome of the Brandy then that you ſold by the Church-wall, good Colonel Granadeer: D'ſhearr, was the Devil in ye to talk at that Rate?

O. *Brag.* What, Sirrah, I warrant you thought I had cramm'd a Dozen or two of Lies in the hinder part of my Jaw, as a Monkey does the Overplus of his Dinner. But Sirrah, I'd have you know I was of too honeſt a Principle.

Y. *Brag.* Honeſt! Ay, that's it has made ye Dine ſo often on pickled Herrings and hard Cheeſe; Oh, what will become of me!

O. *Brag.* Come, come, Sirra, take my Gentleman's Advice, and ſtrip from that fluttering Coat, and ſell it, 'twill ſerve to make us merry a conſiderable while; and ſince theſe Titular Captains are moſt of 'em Rogues, I'le provide you a new Title, you ſhall ſerve the King and Queen, Sirrah, and be as I am, an honeſt Granadeer.

Y. *Brag.* Lord, Sir, what do you mean? If my Lady ſhould but hear I was in Company where they but named the King and Queen, ſhe would diſcard me for ever— And I have yet ſome ſmall Hopes.

O. *Brag.* Sirrah, I'le have ye hope no more Hopes; but let my Lady be pox'd by her whole Party, cramp'd with her Jack-boots, and choak'd with her cold Tea. Come, come, ſtrip, ſtrip, I'le have the Coat off preſently; that Lace will keep us two Months at leaſt in Tobacco, Brandy, and Red Herrings.

Y. Brag. Oh the Devil, he's at his old Play again.

O. Brag. Come, come; quick, quick; off with Hat, Peruke and Coat; quick, I say.

Y. Brag. Quick! Ay, as quick as my Legs can carry me, [*runs out.*] if you are at that sport.

O. Brag. Say you so, Rascal? I'le be with ye presently Faith. [*runs after.*

SCENE II.

The Boarding-School.

Enter Mirtilla *with a Book in her Hand.*

Mirtil. Reads.

Embarq'd at last, and sculk'd into the Hold;
My Flight was to my jealous Parents told;
As much too timorous they, as I too bold.
Ah dear, dear *Ovid*, how thy precious Wit,
Dreſt in the glittering Robe of charming Poetry
Moves my ſoft Soul?—— When're thou writeſt of Love,
Methinks my Heart melts with the Sacred Flame,
And even makes Virgin Innocence grow wanton;
For then dear *Merriton* I think on thee,
And every Thought begets an Extaſie,
Almoſt too fierce for Vertue to endure:
Yet tho I love thee, my Reſolves are conſtant,
I'le ſigh and mourn for thee my deareſt Friend,
But can no more, till our hard Fortunes mend.

Enter Lady Addleplot, Crowſtich, *and* L. Stroddle.

L. Addle. You amaze me, Mrs *Crowſtich*, with this Diſcovery: I thought it impoſſible the Girl ſhould be ſo wild.

Crow. 'Tis ſtrange indeed, Madam, from one of her years; but your Ladiſhip ſhall have the Proof on't preſently.

Mirtil. She here! To diſturb my Contemplation: Horrid Creature! How ſhall I avoid her? [*Exit* Mirtil.

L. Addle. The t'other Dowdy indeed I always imagin'd indocible; but that Sir *Arthur's* Offspring, a Child born of my own Body, Bone of my Bone, Fleſh of my Fleſh, Vitals of my Vitals, that ſhe ſhould degenerate, I am amaz'd at it!

L. Strod. To look ſo much below her ſelf, as to fancy a little Dancing-Maſter; 'tis not adequate to your Ladyſhips Blood that runs in her, I confeſs.

Enter Jenny.

L. Addle. Whither were you going you great Romp? ha!

Jenny.

Jenny. Oh pray Mam forgive me this time, and I'le never do ſo agen.

Crow. Only to Mr. *Coopee*, Madam; this has been hatching a good while; the t'other too is as mad for *Semibrief* our Singing-Maſter; they were both found Romping in the Garden with 'em laſt Night, but the Governneſs has turn'd them away for't. Here ſhe comes with her Father, I've told him her Tricks already.

Enter Nicompoop, Molly, *and* Tearſhift.

Nicomp. Ah Madam, the Girls are both undone ſeriouſly!

L. *Addle.* The Girls! I hope you don't couple your Tarrier there with Sir *Arthur*'s Breed, Jack Sawce!— Ah *Tearſhift*, 'tis evident now that filthy thing there has quite ſpoil'd Miſs by keeping her Company.

Tear. 'Tis certainly ſo, Madam, there's no compariſon between the Childrens Parts

L. *Addle.* I'le examin her my ſelf. Huſſey, ſpeak the Truth and ſcape the Rod: What did you and that aukward Creature do with *Coopee* and *Semibrief* in the Garden laſt Night?

Jenny. No hurt, truly, truly now.

L. *Addle.* What buſineſs had ye there? What was your Deſign? Come, don't ye lie.

Jenny. Why, we Eat, ugh, ugh; we eat a dozen of Caſtards there.

L. *Addle.* A dozen of Cuſtards, very well.

Jenny. And about Fourteen Cheeſcakes.

Molly. There wan't Fourteen then, there was but Thirteen in all, and I have one of them in my Pocket here. [*Pulls out a great Cheeſcake, and eats it.*

L. *Addle.* My Lady *Stroddle*, did ye ever ſee ſuch a filthy Romp?

L. *Stroddle.* She has a little too much of the Vulgar, I confeſs, Madam.

Nicom. Madam, I beſeech your Ladyſhip to hear *Molly* tell what Words paſs'd between 'em, and what that Impudent Singing-maſter ſaid to her.

L. *Addle.* Prithee hold thy Tongue.

Nicom. Pray Madam, let me beg your Ladyſhip. Come *Molly*, leave chawing your Cheeſcake, and tell my Lady, Child.

Molly. Why, he as'kd me——

Jenny. But pray Mother don't be angry with poor Mr. *Coopee*, for he's a mighty pretty Man, and the beſt Caperer in all the Town. [*leaps ramping.*

Molly. And pray Father don't fall out with Mr. *Semibrief*, for he's a fine Man every Inch of him, and the beſt Triller, aw, aw, au, au [*Trils.*

Nicomp. The Poor Fool wins upon me ſo with her pretty Carriage, that ſeriouſly I can deny her nothing: Come and kiſs me, *Molly*.

L. *Addle.* Fogh, how the Brute licks the Calf yonder. Well, Mrs. *Crowſtich*, tho the Fellow has been ſawcy with her; 'tis not ſo far gone, I ſee, but the Girl may be reclaimed.

Crow. Ah Madam, this is not half her Fault; if this had been all I had born it with ſome Patience; but, Madam, he has taught her to be a Rebel too.

L. *Adle.* Hah!

Crow. And made 'em drink Confuſion to the French three times one after another in Sillabub.

L. *Adle.* Degenerate Baſtard! Is't poſſible! I had rather ſhe had been chouk'd.

Crow. Nay, and what's worſt of all, the Villain made her ſit on's knee and ſing an Impudent Ballad twice over in praiſe of King *William*.

L. *Adle.* A young Whore, gad I'll whip her preſently before ye all.

[*Runs to her and they interpoſe.*

Nicom. Nay, dear Lady, ſeriouſly, you'l put your ſelf into ſuch an heat. —— Huſſy get ye gon.

Jenny. I've a trick for't yet, for I'll go and hide my ſelf till night, and then get out to Mr. *Coupee* at the Belcony. [*Runs off.*

Molly. And I'll get out at the Cellar-Window to Mr. *Semibrief* and be gon from 'em all. I'm reſolved on't. [*Runs out.*

L. *Adle.* Away ye Coxcomb, or I'll give you as much; 'dſlide a young Jade to drink Confuſion to the French; I ſhall hate Sillabub as long as I live for't; but I'll claw her, I'll teach her to turn Rebel. [Exit *after her.*

Nicom. Pray Mrs. *Crowſtich* go and ſtrive to paciſie her, for ſhe is in a deviliſh humor, ſeriouſly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Young Merriton *and* Mirtilla.

Mirtil. But to paſs upon 'em thus for a dancing Maſter and undiſcovered, is a ſtrange Riddle to me.

Y. Merr. It pleaſed Mrs. *Crowſtich* to introduce me, who it ſeems, has ſome friendly opinion of my qualification for my performance yeſterday; beſides, what can be ſtrange to Love, who'd not change Shapes like *Jove* for ſuch a *Danae*?

Mirtil. Who would not talk like you that had your Wit?

Y. Merr. Or who would live confin'd here, that had yours? once more think on my Suit then dear Angel.

Mirtil. Nay, now you are unjuſt; did you not promiſe, provided I would ſuffer ye to ſee me, to touch no more upon that jarring String?

Y. Merr. If that be jarring, there is then no Muſick; but Diſcord is the Soul of Harmony. I own I promiſed ye, alas! but how? as men in Fevers promiſe not to drink, yet have no Eaſe or Comfort till they break it; or as to modeſt Virgins newly wedded and beg a Weeks reprieve, we ſeem to promiſe, but how can that e're bind the amorous Bridegroom, when there's neceſſity it ſhould be broke?

Mirtil. Little ſhould I depend upon your promiſe, when you had power, that can infringe it now.

Y. Merr. All things of ſenſe unanimouſly excuſe me; I cannot look upon thee without loving, nor love thee but I muſt renew my ſuit.

Mirtil. A Suit bent to the ruin of us both.

Y. Mer. No, rather to our Souls Eternal Comfort.

Mirtil. Oh Heaven! What Comfort can there be in Love, curb'd and confin'd by Poverty?

Y. Merr.

Y.Mer. We have no Poverty, whilſt we love enough; the Droſs of gilded Luxury here can equal the Glittering Ore of our ſublime Contentment. Thou haſt a Soul I know diſputes Fortune as much as vile unchaſtity or folly; a Soul that ſits in the middle of her Wheel with Wings ſtill poyz'd, not mounting up, nor falling, but in a conſtant Station fixt canſt ſmile, at thoſe that climb and thoſe that hurry down.

Mirtil. I have ſo, and I own I think as little of the vain noiſy fluttering World as you, the gawdy Fop or haughty thing of Title, the ſtrutting Prelate, or the Knave in Furs can laugh at too; nay I could be contented with the leaſt gift of Fate, if that were all.

Y.Merr. If that were all! What is there elſe, ſweet Life?

Mirtil. 'Tis not for my own ſake that I deny, but Sir for yours; if we were married, perhaps I ſhould love ye, nay love ye dearly; perhaps have Children too, ſome half a dozen pretty ſmiling Bleſſings to cling around and help Lifes tedious Journey with the dear nonſence of their prattling Stories. But ſhould the freezing hand of Want afflict us, what ſhould we do, but ſit by our ſmall fire, Tears in our Eyes and throbing Griefs at Heart, to ſee our little Flock of unfledg'd *Cupids*, ſhivering with Cold as wanting neceſſaries, who looking wiſhly on us ſeemed to ſay, why would you marry thus to make us miſerable?

Y.Merr. Thou talkſt of Children, and I think of Heaven, when I conceit thou art to be their Mother; oh I would learn to out-dig my Grandſire *Adam* e're thou ſhouldſt want the profits of the Earth, or my dear Children born of thy ſweet Body, their due or proper ſuſtenance.

Mirtil. And what muſt I do then when you ſhould dig? I know in Marriage we muſt ſhare the Troubles as well as Joys of him we are confin'd to; can I ſee him that lies within my Arms ſo full of cares he has ſcarce time for Love, riſe early to provide for me and mine, and I not knit, or ſow, or ſpin or ſomething? The labouring Husband that has a lazy Wife may only not ſuſpect her Love, but Vertue.— No, I'de never part from you in your ill Fortune, but will not be the Cauſe to bring it on ye.

Y.Merr. You cannot be the Cauſe I have enough, tho not what you deſerve.

Mirtil. But I alas! have not enough for you.

Y.Merr. No matter, Heaven will proſper.

Mirtil. That I hope, and then my Tongue ſhall tell another ſtory, till when adieu; and yet I believe I value ye, and 'tis value keeps me from conſenting.

Y.Merr. Come, come, 'tis plain you hate me; for if you did not, Fortune and Wealth were Trifles.

Mirtil. Be ungrateful and think ſo ſtill.

Y. Merr. I muſt and will by Heaven! [*Is going out, and Old* Merriton *meets him.*

O. Merr. How now Son? Why in ſuch haſt? Come back agen.

Mirtil. My Foſter Father here, and in this unhappy Juncture! Oh Heaven! What ſhall I ſay to excuſe my ſelf?

Y. Merr. Sir, I beſeech ye give me leave, I'm ill o'th' ſuddain, and want a little Air —— What makes he here? She ſaid indeed ſhe was beholding

to

to him, but how, Heaven knows: I'le obſerve more hereafter, this may be a Riddle worth finding out. [*Exit.*

Mirtil. Sir, I am afraid I have offended you, finding me thus diſcourſing with your Kinſman in this ſuſpicious manner.

O. Merr. To fear implies a Guilt; I know your Vertue, and you might have ſpared that word; beſide, he is my Son.

Mirtil. Your Son! Nay, then a Sifters Amity may well excuſe this Freedom; 'twas Sir your Intereſt firſt that introduced him; for any Blood of yours meer Gratitude would prompt my throbing Heart to love and honour.

O. Merr. 'Twas warm diſcourſe you had, the purple Signal that yet remains diſplayed within your Cheeks, confirm'd me that your Tongues have had a Battel, and Love or War has fiercely been denounced. —— Pray let me know, and if I've intereſt in ye, as for paſt Cares I cannot doubt I have, give me a ſhare in the diſcovery.

Mirtil. Sir, I dare truſt you with my ſecret Sins, much more then with my little worldly Buſineſs: Know then, your Son has oft been pleaſed to honour me with paſſionate Expreſſions of his Love.

O. Merr. I thought ſo, pray proceed.

Mirtil. Ah! then take all; I own I love him too, and now you have a ſecret out, which nothing but your Commands could ever have forced from me; I love him Sir, yet knowing my Condition, modeſt regard of wronging him hereafter by my ill Stars, made my poor famiſhed Heart hold out, though within one ſhort hour of ſtarving. [*weeps.*

O. Merr. This is as I could wiſh—— Come be not ſad, the Stars have better aſpects than you think, and Fortunes giddy Wheel will ſoon turn round to ſeat thee on the utmoſt Spoke with Honours.

Mirtil. Ah, do not mock my Wretchedneſs, dear Father!

O. Merr. Not for the World; come in with me and liſten, for I will tell thee Wonders; the Minute is near and the bleſt Hand of Providence to paſs thee from thy Labyrinth of Misfortunes holds out a Clue and guides thee on to Happineſs.

In every Life, the Doom of Fate ſecures
One Hour to make it bleſt, and this is yours. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Amorous *and* Le Prate.

Amor. Now Monſieur, you ſee what a Precipice I free'd ye from, and what Reaſons I had for my late paſſionate reſentment.

Le Prat. Monſieur, you have make it out dat you have de good reaſon, and I perceive dat ſhe be de ver dam Jilt, ma foy; and tho I have loſt de little Honour in de quarrel, I have ſave one hundred Guinea morbleau, viſh make me ver much amends: But Monſieur, pray obſerve, I vill ſhew you the fineſt French Song here dat I learnt dis Morning, — thol loll, loll. [*Sings.*

Amor.

Amor. 'Dslife, no Song now, dear *Le Prate*, this is our very Minute of Projection; I've juſt ſent for her, go, go, prithee ſtep into that Cloſet, and when I call, come and confront her.

Le Prat. Vid all my Heart, and I will practiſe dis Song all de while dere for fear I ſhould fall aſleep. [Exit *into the Cloſet.*

Amor. And if there be a ſubtiler Devil than ordinary,
Uſed by grave Statesmen or by jilting Whores,
Him I invoke t'aſſiſt me; here ſhe comes.

Enter Jiltal *and* Oyley.

Jilt. Why that French Fop ſhould fail to come to my Aſſignation is a Riddle to me, *Oyley*.

Oyley. And to me too Madam, I'm ſure I wound him up right, I wonder he did not ſtrike.

Jilt. Huſh, here's th'other Woodcok juſt faln into the Plaſh; one at a Shoot muſt ſerve when there's but little Game: my dear, dear *Jackey*. [*Runs to him.*

Amor. Oh my ſweet, ſweet, ſweet —— Devil! [*Aſide.*

Jilt. But why is my dear Hony, little Puppy-Dog come before the hour? Hah——

Amor. My dear Life might aſſure her ſelf, 'twas to do her good; to be ſhort then, you muſt know that my Uncle juſt now ſent for me.

Jilt. So, dear Monkey, ſo, ſo. [*Hugs and clings to him.*

Amor. And ſent me word that upon condition, that I would marry thee to morrow morning, he would ſeal my Setlement to Night, ha,ha,ha,ha.

Jilt. Ha, ha, ha, ha, an old Fool, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Oyely. Ha, ha, ha, ha, — I muſt laugh too, but 'tis at him; Lord, who would be a Man to let a Woman abuſe him thus? [*Aſide.*

Amor. So dear *Betty*, thou knowſt I had no reaſon to defer it, Child there's a thouſand pound a year coming, ye dear, ſweet, pretty, melting, charming, —— confounded—— [*Aſide.*

Jilt. I ſhall bite ye, Sirrah, I cannot forbear, I ſhall bite your Noſe off if you come near me; Ah *Jackey*, *Jackey*, if ever you ſhould leave me I ſhould dye, I ſhould dye, I ſhould dye.—— [*Squeaks in a ſtrange Tone, and clings to him.*

Amor. Ah! how the Devil has tun'd her to do miſchief; her Trebble Violin is juſt now ſtrung, and every Fop that plays upon't is damn'd.

Le Prat. within. [*Sings aloud* Thol, loll, loll, *and a bit of a French Song.*

Jilt. How now! What's that?

Oyley. The Devil ſure, it can be nothing elſe.

Amor. A Plague on him! Now is that French Fool's Head ſo full of that new Song, he has forgot where he is and is ſinging out aloud. You need not go Mrs. *Oyley*, 'tis one without that came with me to be Witneſs to the Marriage upon occaſion, or ſo.

Jilt. I vow, I was terribly frighted at the ſound; I don't uſe to hear any Man's Voice, but thine *Jackey*, ſo near my Bed-Chamber.

Amor.

Amor. Kind *Betty*, — No, a Pox take ye, I find they all us'd to come in. [*Aside.*

Oyley. There's an Oagle now, there's an Oagle, as well worth two Guineas between Turk and Jew as one shilling's worth another.

Jilt. And will you marry me to morrow morning then *Jacky*?

Amor. Will I! ah thou shalt find, I'll do more for thee than that; come, give Mrs. *Oyley* the Key and bid her fetch the Settlement out of the Cabinet quickly; I suppose a Joynture of five hundred a year may do as well.

Jilt. I can't give it her, I vow I can't, I'm ashamed,— I vow I am.

Amor. Oh fie! you must not trifle now, the Time wasts; Mrs. *Oyley* take it from her.

Oyley. Pray Madam, since the noble Squire will have it so——

Amor. That Bitch takes me for a Cully too, I find by her squiring me. —— [*Aside.* Hast got it? go, go, make hast then.

Jilt. Indeed *Jacky*, I shall dye for thee. [*Languishing.*

Amor. No, no.

Jilt. I vow I shall. [*In a Tone.*

Amor. Impossible.

Jilt. I shall never live to be brought to Bed, I'm afraid I shall have two this time — I swear, I believe I shall.

Amor. So! here's Generation for ye! One Joynture has begot two Bastards in half a quarter of an Hour. [*Aside.*

[Jiltal *puts her Fan before her Face.*

Enter Oyley *with the Settlement.*

Oyley. Here 'tis Sir, and Heavens bless ye for your Love to her.

Amor. Umph— I think indeed this is my erring Scrawl.

Oyley. Yes indeed is it, I was witness to't, 'tis your very Hand Sir.

Amor. You are also Witness to this then, [*Tears the Settlement.* What d'ee start Bawd!

Jilt. Zoons, what does he mean? [*Putting her Fan aside.*

Amor. Oh Madam! be not affrighted I beseech ye, it may chance to make ye miscarry of your two Babes; there's what I know will please ye — 'tis your Joynture Madam, your Ladyship understands the Short Hand. [*Gives her the Letter.*

Jilt. My Letter to the Frenchman— Oh Confusion! I'm undone.

Amor. There is no Witness yet, but I'll call one; Allons Monsieur approach!

Enter Le Prate *from the Closet.*

Le Prat. Charming, and fair, and most extraordinary your very most humble and oblig'd Serviture; Tholl, loll ——

Oyley. 'Dlife, if this be true, I must into Wollen Stockins agen.

[Amorous *laughs.*

Le Prat. Madam, the Deevel take me, if I am not ver sorry — da ——

Jilt. Hell take thee, burn the World and perish Nature! [*Rages about.*

Amor.

Amor. Faith, Madam, I confeſs I've been your hindrance, the Monſieur had a Hundred Guineas for ye, but that I told him my Whore took no money. As for your Babes of Grace, if they chance to be born naked, and have not back and breaſt on like the Troop, I'll give ye ſomething to buy Blankets, and ſo adieu, thou Wretched———

Le Prat. Impudent. [*Dances up and down.*

Amor. Mercinary.

Le Prat. Pockey. [*In another tone.*

Amor. Jilting.

Le Prat. Common.

Amor. Senceleſs, and what's yet worſe, Ingrateful Whore,
And Curſe me Heaven, if e're I love thee more. [*Exeunt.*

Oyley. Nay, y'are right enough ſerv'd, could you think to have an intrigue with a *Frenchman*, but that all the Town ſhou'd know't.

Jilt. Oh! That I were a Witch now for a minute, or knew the means to be ſo; I've heard of Bonds written with Blood and Charms, that have by that made miſchief proſperous, would ſome revengeful Power would tempt me once, hah!

Enter Old Rakehell.

I'me wiſhing for the Devil, and here he comes as pat, as he were ſure to have my Soul beforehand; oh—for a Female Plot now to o'rereach this ſubtle *Amorous*, and make his Wit out-witted, the Omen appears fair, let me Conſider.

Rake. I'me ſure I ſaw my Nephew come this way, but where to find him amongſt this Warren of Conney Burrows, is a Work paſt my Skill; I bolted into one of their holes juſt now, and there were two or three young bouncing Girls ſtark naked, going to waſh themſelves in a Tub; 'gad I thought I ſhould have loſt my Eye-ſight, or at leaſt been us'd like *Acteon*, but that as it happen'd there were no Hounds about me. A Plague on't, I can't find the way down neither, and I am damnably afraid of falling into that *Indian* Tygers Quarters again.

Jilt. I have it, go *Oyley* and tell him I'de ſpeak with him, and thou dear Devil of Female ſubtilty, if 'ere thou wert our Sexes Benefactor, aſſiſt me now. [*Oyley claps him on the back.*

Oyley. Sir, my Lady would ſpeak with ye.

Rake. Oh! Gad's bud, I'me fallen into the Devil's paws, with ſeeking to avoid 'em; Oh pray young Gentlewoman inform your Lady that the Writings are ready, I'll Seal to night, and 'tis no matter for ſpeaking with her; alas, you know ſhe's mad.

Oyley. Mad, pray Sir, come nearer and be undeceiv'd, Mad, did you ſay?

Jilt. Sir *Rowland*, I could ne're have thought a man of your Senſe could be ſo groſly impos'd upon, without perceiving it.

Rake. How's this———

Jilt. Lord, Sir, you ſhun me as I were a Ghoſt, but I find this is your Nephew's Trick, and I can't blame ye, he would have Trick'd me too, Sir, had I not watch'd him.

Rake. She talks well now, but if this should be a calm fit of the Devil in her, only to get time to put the Dagger into my guts, 'gad I'll keep my distance yet for all her Coaxing.

Oyley. Now work but thy part Devil, we are made agen. *Aside.*

Filt. I had design'd to send to ye this Morning, Sir, to tell ye how this base ungrateful Fellow, this Prodigal your Nephew has abus'd ye; nay, not only you, but me, by making me affront one of your merit; but, Sir, I ask you now ten thousand Pardons.

Rake. This must be madness, for I can find no sence in it.

Filt. I had at first, 'tis true, as it was reasonable, some ill thoughts of ye, but now have much the better; his Plots are all unravell'd, and by substantial information now, I find 'twas he that sold me to the *Indies.*

Rake. 'Twas so, Madam, oh he's a dam'd Kidnabbing wicked Fellow, 'gad I'll take heart and close in with her while the Fit lasts.

Filt. 'Twas by his Plot I acted that mad part when last I saw ye, much against my own good nature, but I have found his Villanies out since, how he design'd to gull me to a Marriage, and you out of a Settlement; 'tis plain now, and I was sending too this very morning, to beg ye not to Seal.

Rake. Gadzooks, what's this I hear? Why hark ye, Madam, are not you really mad then?

Filt. Mad, Indeed such injuries were enough to make me so; but, Sir, I hope my Eyes will resolve that doubt; besides, if you doubt my sence, you shall hear me sing a Song of my own making.

SONG.

I.

ROyal and Fair, great Willy's *dear Blessing,*
The Charging Regent of the Swains;
Heavy with Care, thus sadly Expressing
Her grief, sat weeping on the Plains:
Why did my Fate Exalt me so high,
If fading State must deprive me of Joy?
Since Willy *is gone,*
Ah! how vainly shines the Sun,
'Till Fates decree, the Winds and Sea
Waft, Waft him to me.

II.

Large are my Flocks, and flowry my Pastures,
Worth Treasures vast of Silver and Gold;
Where Ravenous Wolves too, fain would be Masters,
Devour all my Lambs, and break down my Fold:
Willy *whilst here, Secur'd me from fear,*
All the wild Herd stood in awe of my Dear;
But poor helpless I,
Mourning Sigh, and hourly Cry
Let Fates decree, the Winds and Sea
Waft Willy *to me.*

Rake.

Rake. A most Admirable Creature, and if I may be so bold, Madam, have you never a Dagger under your Petticoats, nor nothing?

Jilt. Nothing that will hurt you, Sir: alass! that Dagger was given me by him to Act my part with; Oh he has abus'd us both inhumanly, but we'll be even with him now, Sir, shall we not?

Rake. Shall we not? 'gad, Madam, say but a word more, and I'll have him hang'd at your door before to morrow night; here's luck, I thought I had got a Devil, 'wons 'tis a Cherubin of Cherubins. [*Aside.*

Jilt. There's time enough to punish him, but he shall see us laugh at him first; give me your hand, will you be true to me, and revenge me on that wicked fellow?

Rake. Most vigorously——

Jilt. And take me, and my whole Fortune for your pains.

Rake. Most thankfully—— [*Kneels.*

Jilt. There's a Bargain made, then go and get a black Coat, I'll marry ye immediately.

Rake. My Genius, my Soul, my Spirits, I have not breath enough to speak my joy, Oh that I could flye now, my Legs cannot carry me half fast enough, now would some honest Toping Priest would come fluttering like a Swallow down the Chimney, I must try and get one presently, for fear she cool again.

See in the World how strangely things are carried,
I thought I should be hang'd, and now am to be Married. [*Exit Laughing.*

[Jiltal *Strutting.*] So now let History my Annals grace,
Mine is the Wreath, and *Matchivil*'s an Ass.

Oyley. Three Thousand Pounds a year, in three short minutes your Wit has gain'd; hah! hah! hah! 'd'slife I could leap out of my skin methinks.

Jilt. Besides that poor dull wretched fellow *Amorous* stript out of all, in spight of all his Cunning; this now is prosperous mischief, and I am proud to see my Conquering Brain o'recome Mankind.

Let each Miss-Keeper take this for a Rule,
To get one Young, and if he can, a Fool:
Whilst her Sense yields to his, the day's his own,
But if he's once Out-witted, he's undone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Chelsey.*

Enter Old Meriton, *and Boy.*

O. Mer. WHere did you leave Sir *Rowland*, Boy?

Boy At an Ale-House, Sir, just by the Church, waiting for Mr. *Stiffrump* our Parson, and he desires ye to go presently to his House, and order his Servants to trick it up neatly, and provide a good Supper against Twelve a Clock, and then he'll come and impart t'ye an Extraordinary Affair that has happen'd to him.

O. Merr. Well, go, Sirrah, and tell him it ſhall be done, but there ſhall be other Gueſts there to eat it than he imagines; what he means by his extraordinary Affairs, I know not; 'tis enough for me to have brought my own to near to perfection. I have left the Lovers within, cooing like a pair of Turtles, having extreamly ſurpriz'd her with a diſcovery this Morning, that ſhe is worth Fifty Thouſand Pounds: Here ſhe comes, ſo embarraſſed ſtill between hope and fear, that ſhe is even in pain to hear of her good Fortune.——Come, come, Madam, are ye ready? [*Ex. Boy.*

Enter young Merriton *and* Mirtilla.

It begins to grow late.

Mirt. Alas! Whither muſt I go? you have ſo ſurpriſed me with this ſtrange News that did I not know you to be a Man of Honour, I ſhould believe you ſpoke it to abuſe me.

O. Merr. D'ye doubt my honeſty? have I deſerv'd this from ye?

Mirt. Oh! no, Sir. And pray be not angry for my diffidence; to fear is natural to our Sex; beſides, Sir, fifty Thouſand Pounds is ſuch a Sum, methinks!

O. Merr. As great a Sum as 'tis, you ſtill outweigh it——And what I've ſaid I'le juſtifie. Give me your Hand; you muſt now change your Lodging, as we go on I'le tell ye more——Come, *Will.* [*Exeunt.*

Y. Merr. 'SDeath, Fifty Thouſand Pounds; why, 'tis worſe than Witchcraft to her; half that Sum ſhall convert any Woman in *England* into a Peacock, and make her ſo proud of her own Tail, there would be no enduring her: I warrant ſhe thinks now that I'll crawl on my Hands and Feet to purchaſe her; but ſhe ſhall find ſhe is deceiv'd;——Love may oblige me to a ſlaviſh Duty, but Fortune never ſhall. [*Ex. Y. Merr.*

Enter Coopee *and* Semibreif *with a Ladder.*

Coop. Come, Brother Fortune-Stealer, help along with the Ladder: I hope this will prove more lucky than our laſt Plot; for methinks the Moon favours us very well. How goes the Night?

Semibr. The School-Bell has juſt rung Nine, the Chickens within are all going to Rooſt, and as full I warrant of Bread and Butter, Milk, Poſſet, and Cawdle, as a Woman in Childbed, that has but juſt three days lain in.

Coop. Oh, here's the Balcony, now for the Sign. [*Squeaks through a Catcall.*

Enter Miſs Jenny *above.*

Miſs J. Whoſe there?

Coop. 'Tis I, dear Miſs, 'tis I. *Squeaks again.*

Miſs J. Who, Mr. *Coopee*?

Coop. The ſame, the ſame, my dear, ſweet, little, pretty——

Miſs J. Oh, Law, oh, Law; but how ſhall I get down t'ye tho?

Coop. Oh, eaſily, eaſily, my dear: Look here, I've brought a Ladder for thee.

Semibr.

Semibr. So, ſo, I ſee you are in a pretty forward poſture; I'le go now and ſee how Affairs ſtand at the Cellar Window [*Exit Semibr.*

Miſs. F. A Ladder! Oh good! What, and muſt I act love with a Ladder then?

Coop. A Ladder. You muſt do any thing for your poor Hubby that is to be; have you got the packthread?

Miſs F. Yes, I warrant ye; what, d'ye think I would forget any thing? But will you be ſure to Marry me to night then?

Coop. To Night! preſently, Child, as ſoon as ever thou get'ſt off the Ladder; why, the Parſon ſtays for thee.

Miſs F. There 'tis then; I'vads he ſhan't ſtay for me; I'm better bred than ſo, I warrant ye.

[*Throws down the Packthread, and he ties it to the Rope.*

Coop. So, now put it round the Bar of the Window, and then let me alone to hoiſt it up.

Miſs F. There, Oh, Gemini, what a pretty trick is this——But, dear Mr. *Coopee*, when we are married, what muſt we do afterwards, I wonder?

Coop. Afterwards; why then we muſt go to Bed, my Dear.

Miſs F. Go to bed! well, and I'vads that will be very pretty; but what muſt we do after that pray, dear Mr. *Coopee*?

Coop. After that, why?——

Miſs F. Ay, there's the thing now, Mr. *Coopee*; what muſt we do after that?

Coop. Why, do but get upon the Ladder, and come down my Dear, I'le tell thee preſently.

Miſs F. Will ye? well, and ſo I will I'vads; I'le be with ye in a twinkling. { *Is getting upon the Ladder, and* Crowſhik *comes and takes hold of her.*

Crow. Will ye ſo, Gentlewoman,
Pray let me have an account of your Journey firſt.

Miſs. Oh law, what ſhall *I* do now? [*Sings to* Coopee *out of tune.*

Sings.] *Go, go, Friend below, I'm taken, I'm taken,*
Ye little Knave, get off, and ſave your Bacon, your Bacon.

Crowſ. Here are rare doings; what, you are going to be married, are ye? but I'le help ye to a Huſband in the Morning. A good Rod, Huſſie, that ſhall act love with ye, better than the Fool below there.

Miſs. Well, well, I will have a Huſband, I'm reſolv'd on't, do what you can: And if you offer to whip me, I'll tear your Eyes out, ſo I will.

Crow. Go, get ye in, ye great Ramp. I'll lock her into her Siſter's Room below Stairs, for to night, there's no Balcony there. 'D'ſlife, was there ever ſuch a Contrivance? We ſhall have all our Girls ſtole out o'th' School by Baskets full, if this trade hold; but I'll prevent it to Morrow. Get ye in, Huſſie. [*Exit Crow.*

Coopee. Ah, plague of my damn'd luck: If this Devil had ſtay'd but a minute longer, I had got my Fortune upon my back, a lumping penniworth, by this time: But now, as the Devil will have it, muſt leave my Dow, that I have ſo long moulded for my own Cake, to be mumbled by the Chops of another: Pox on't, we us'd to be more proſperous in

in these Intreagues; and if any of these raw Tits can bolt out of their Warren at any time, 'tis ten to one but your Greyhound, Dancing-Master, or your Lurching Songster has the first snap at 'em. 'Tis a poor loving Fool, this; and o' my Conscience will be very constant to me; and if we can but contrive another Assignation, then if I lose her——

Enter Semibreif *hastily.*

Semibr. Hist, hist, *Coopee*, come along with me presently.

Coopee. Phoo, prithee let me alone, I am very unfit for anothers Intreague now. A Pox on't, I have lost my own.

Semibr. Ye lie, ye lie, ye Rogue; she's surer than ever; *Crowshik* has just now lock'd her up into a low Room, where my little Butterprint was watching for me, who as soon as ever she was gone, puts back the Lock, get's out, and they are now both together yonder at the Cellar Window.

Coopee. Ha! what dost thou say, both, what, my little Cakebread too!

Semibr. Ay, ay, ye Dog, come quickly, and let's help 'em out.

Coopee. 'Ds heart, this was beyond expectation. Run, run, run, run.

[*They run out.*

Enter young Bragg *dress'd like a Granadeer.*

Y. Bragg. If I had not run away from this old Dog Father of mine just now when he was drunk and fell asleep, I had been detach'd in the Morning amongst the Granadeers, and shipp'd for the Expedition in *Ireland*; my fine Rigging's all gone, he has damn'd, that is burnt, the very Soul of my Coat, the Lace; and my Embroyder'd Breeches hang out at a Broker's in *Drury Lane*; by this time, he hath taken up with the Money they yielded, a whole Firkin of Brandy, a Hogshead of Red Herrings, two dozen of Tobacco, and half a hundred of *Cheshire* Cheese: For my part, I believe he's turn'd Conjurer, and lays up Provision for some Famine or other that is to come. If I should appear before my Lady in this Cap, with this Cypher upon't, I were no more a Man of this world; she would fly upon me like a Cat in a Closet, and the tokens of my Manhood would be in a very desperate condition.

Re-enter Coopee, *and* Semibreif, *with Miss* Jenny, *and* Molly *muffled, they cross the Stage hastily*

Semibr. Come along, along, my dear, dear little Chicken.

Y. Brag. Ha, That's *Semibreif*'s voice; who are those with him?

Molly. Well, you tell me you'll make me a Woman to night. But Pvads my heart goes a pitt a patt about it; for I've been told a Maid goes through a great deal of trouble before she comes to be a Woman; and if you should chance to kill me——

Semibr. Kill thee; ha, ha, ha, never fear it, my Dear.

[Jenny drops a Baby.

Y. Brag. By Heaven, my little Boarding-School Spouse that should ha' been.

Jenny.

Jenny. Oh law, my Baby, my Baby——I've loſt my Baby.

Coop. Ah, 'Tis no matter if thou hadſt loſt it, I'll get thee a better Baby, my Dear.

Y. Brag. 'Tis ſo, the Romps are both ſtole from the School to night; and I am luckily the firſt diſcoverer. I'le dog 'em, and then run and inform my Lady; this, with ſome ſwinging lye or other may chance to re-inſtate me in her favour, and get me other Rigging. For to ſay truth, I'm damnably aſham'd of this; well, Fortune proſper, I have but ſmall hopes. [*Exit.*

[*A Room with Table and Bottles.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lady Addleplott *ſitting, Lady* Stroddle, Nicompoop *arm'd back and breaſt, and le* Prate *in Jack Boots.*

L. Addle. SO, ſo, the Riſing's up, and I think we are all fitted; and ſince you have done me the honour to chuſe me for your Collonel, you ſhall find me ready to puſh forward, I warrant ye.

Le Prate. Madam, mine Horſe is ready, let us go to night, begar.

Le Strod. Methinks Mr. Deputy looks very like an Officer too.

Nicom. Oh lack, no ſeriouſly, I make but an indifferent Figure: I profeſs I never wore a Sword in my life before, but once at a Training: 'Od ſo, I've forgot my Scaberd. [*Exit.*

L. Addle. An Officer! I vow, my Lady *Stroddle*, I'm aſham'd of him; he'll ne'er be fit for any thing but to carry the Match.

L. Strod. But, Madam, I don't ſee the Captain here all this while.

L. Addle. Ah, there's another: I beſeech ye, Madam, don't name him; he's found to be the greateſt Raſcal in Town, a poor beggerly Fellow; they ſay he was formerly a Black-Smith; but what has made me utterly diſcard him, is, the Villain has had the impudence to brag of Favours; and you know, Madam, if once they do that——

L. Strod. Ah, that's inſufferable; but really he was a luſty Fellow.

Enter Tearſhift *with Lady* Addleplott's *Rigging and Jack Boots, and a Paper in her hand.*

Tearſh. Oh, Madam, here's your Ladiſhips Rigging, and the account of the *Kentiſh* Riſing: The Captain of the Party has ſent ye the particulars.

L. Addle. Oh, that's good; I thought I ſhould hear to night. Come, let's peruſe it, and drink their healths, hum, hum. [*They ſit down.*

An Impartial Account of the Mutineers that have riſen ſince Friday *laſt.* Very good. *Imprimis.* Of Officers and others, that deſerted through ſcruple in the laſt Reign, and have now deſerted through another ſcruple in this, Two Hundred and Threeſcore. Here's a pint Glaſs, their Healths, my Lady *Stroddle.* Of Monks, Dominicans, Franciſcan Friers, and Jeſuits, that herd amongſt Quakers, Fanaticks, Independents, and Fifth Monarchy Men, Fifty Nine.

Oh,

Oh, fy, that's but few.

L. Strod. Alas! Good Men, they have made hard ſhift.

L. Addle. Pray obſerve, Madam, of Loyal Tory Rory Whores in and about *London* ——— Ten Thouſand ——— 'Dſlife, give me the Bottle.

L. Strod. Ah, bleſſing on their Hearts. Gad 'tis pity they ſhould have that ſcandalous name given 'em; the Creatures have always been very ſerviceable to our Party.

Le Prat. Ah, 'tis certain, de Whore do ver muſh good in de turn of Government: dey haunt de Play-houſe, and ſhatt, and make a de noyce, ah, begar, they are ver ſerviceable.

L. Addle. Serviceable; ay, you'd ſay ſo if you knew all: Why, they are the chief Tools we work with; why, theſe Ten Thouſand Whores now ſhall draw as many Fools to 'em in a Months time, and that will make a conſiderable Army. We'll be gone by break of day, Madam.

L. Strod. With all my heart, Madam. I'm ready at a minute. I hope we ſhall have Maſs open again ſome time or other.

Enter Old Brag, *Drunk.*

O. Brag. A Son of a Whore to run away from his Colours, almoſt before he was well Liſted, 'oons I'le hang him my ſelf, I'll make him ride the Wooden-Horſe twelve hours together, with a dozen of Muſquets ty'd to each Leg—— Let me ſee, this is the Houſe I'me ſure ——— I'll make bold to beat up her Ladyſhips Quarters for once, I know the Rogue is crept in here.

L. Addle. See the careleſs Baggage, this is your leaving the door open.

L. Strodd. And when we are Caballing too, Oh fye Mrs. *Tear-ſheet*, this is a great fault indeed, d'ſlife we ſhall be diſcover'd.

L. Addle. Let me go my Lady *Stroddle*——you ſhall ſee me lay the Raſcal's Soul at my foot the firſt puſh.

Le Prat. Ah! Madam, it muſt not be, I will demand de Combat my ſelf, I will Challenge him to morrow morning, I will bring you his heart for your Dinner, inſtead of de French Capon, and his guts ſhall ſerve inſtead of de Sawſage about it.

O. Brag. That muſt be the French Admiral by his bragging, ugh; and the Rogue carries the *Baſtile* about him; you take out my guts for Sawſages, Sirrah? Sirrah y'are the Son of a Whore, and I'll make a National Quarrel out.

L. Prat. Vell, Vell, I remember, Raſcal, I remember.

[O. Brag. *Sings.*] *Remember ye Prigs what was formerly done.*

O. Brag. Where is this Raſcal got now? I'll ferret him out of your holes i'faith, I'll find out your Ladyſhips ugh by places, I'll have him if he be above ground. [*Exit Old Brag.*

L. Addle. Go, *Tear-ſhift* after him, and let my Footmen uſe him at their diſcretion.

[*Enter* Nicompoop, *and* Young Bragg.

Nicom. Oh! Madam, here's the ſaddeſt News you ever heard. Your Ladiſhip

dyſhips fine Daughter *Jenny*, and my ungracious *Molly* are both ſtole out to night from the Boarding-School, with *Coopee* and *Semibrief*.

L. Addle. Hah! what ſays the fellow?

Le Prat. Ha, ha, ha—dis is de Captain, de Blackſmith, and now turn'd Granadeer, begar.

Y. Brag. Madam, I hope your Ladyſhip will excuſe my diſguiſe, but what Mr. Deputy ſays is very true, I dog'd 'em my ſelf, and have told him where they are.

L. Addle. This ever comes of theſe plaguy Boarding-Schools, the Girls are always ſnap'd up by ſome Piping or Capring fellow or other, if they are worth any thing——Come my Lady *Stroddle*, my Bowels yearn for the Jade, however I muſt go ſee whether ſhe is undone or no.

Y. Brag. Ah! dear Madam, what muſt I expect from your Ladyſhips favour———

L. Addle. Who's there? bid ſome body give the Blackſmith here a Teſter, and let him have my Cuſtom for ſhooing my Coach-Horſes—— Come Monſieur, come let's go.

L. Strod. And pray let us make haſte Collonel, for you know the Riſing is of greater concern to us than Children or Parents either.

Le Prat. Ah Morbleau, is it dere be de ver much difference? [*Exeunt.*

Y. Brag. Give the Blackſmith a Teſter, 'tis ſo, ſhe's in the right, faith, for I have work'd at the Forge many a time, 'till I have earn'd it very dearly.

Enter Tearſhift.

Ah dear Mrs. *Tearſhift* I'm undone, my Lady has quite thrown me off, this old Scoundrel Father of mine has utterly ruin'd me.

Tearſh. Why then ye have the means now to be reveng'd on him, for yonder he lies Drunk, and aſleep upon the Cellar ſtairs, my Ladies Footmen are going to dreſs him up like a Dominican Fryar, and as ſoon as he wakes intend to expoſe him to the Mob, I'm ſorry I can't ſtay to ſee the ſport—— for I muſt after my Lady. [*Exit.*

Y. Brag. Gad I'm glad of this however, for now will I be reveng'd of the Old Dogbolt—I'll go and enter my ſelf amongſt the Mob immediately, I'll be the Foreman of his Jury 'faith——— [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter O Merriton, *Y.* Merriton, Mirtilla, Coopee, Semibreif, Molly, Jenny, *and* Parſon.

O. Mer. NOw, Madam, I hope you are ſatisfied, I'll therefore leave ye in poſſeſſion, and go and get a Guard for our further aſſiſtance. Gentlemen ſtand to your Poſt, you know your own Ladies are at ſtake.

Coopee. Doubt not, Sir, we are very happy to meet you, to give us this protection.

Semi. We'll defend our Fortunes now we have got 'em., I'll warrant ye Sir—come Domine, you are one of our Party. [*To the* Parſon, *and Exeunt.*

O. Mer. 'Tis well, and I'll be with ye preſently. [*Ex.* O. Mer.

Mirtil. I hope, Sir, you'l defend your Fortune too?

Y. Mer. My Fortune is not worth defending, Madam.

Mirtil. How, Sir, not worth defending ——— is my price fallen then?

Y. Mer. Your price, ah no, I ſpoke of my own Fortune; your value, Madam, is Inеſtimable, young, fair, and witty, Fifty Thouſand Pounds too, and much good may it d'ye, I am not envious.

Mirtil. All which I freely give to your diſpoſe, Sir.

Y. Mer. By no means, Madam, I am no Uſurer; your Wiſdom will do better to ſignify this to your Goldſmith, he'll mannage your full Baggs to an advantage, for my own part I deal in Hearts, not Money.

Mirtil. My heart, Sir, is yours, for now I can give it nobly, I've wealth enough.

Y. Mer. But I, alas, have not enough for you: I think 'twas once your ſaying.

Mirtil. And do you then refuſe me for a Saying?

Y. Mer. The Rich require no love, they expect reverence, and you ſee I keep my diſtance: When we were equal, then I lov'd ye dearly, I durſt be bold then, now you are above me.

Mirtil. I am not proud, Sir.

Y. Mer. Not to your own thinking, a Woman's pride is juſt like one that ſquints, ſhe ſeldom thinks ſhe has the imperfection, becauſe ſhe never ſees it.

Mirtil. Are not you proud now, to refuſe a Bleſſing ſo ſtrangely thrown upon ye? pray conſider, Sir, are you not damnably proud?

Y. Mer. I have a noble ſullenneſs of Soul, not proud, I never was a Slave to the Bawd Fortune, nor am I to be puffit up with her Benefits.

Mirtil. Muſt then your bravery of mind be ſhown to all the World but me, ah! where is now the Love you once proteſted?

Y. Mer. Here in my breaſt, my heart is full of it; but, Madam, you would never entertain it, you ſet my heart ſtill on the ſcore of Fortune, 'twas not to be oblig'd to you but her; 'tis true, you argued prettily upon it, but too wiſe reaſoning, ſhews too little Love.

Mirtil. All Love without is madneſs.

Y. Mer. Rapture you mean, and in that Rapture, Heaven, 'tis the Soul's general good enjoy'd in common, as well by the naked Beggar, as the Monarch; Fortune's a gift particular to Fools, to make amends for the Soul's groſs defects, the blind work of Predeſtination, what muſt be, muſt be.

Mirtil. I never yet did wiſh the Gifts of Fortune only to give 'em you.

Y. Mer. You ſhould have given your ſelf, in you, was fortune, each precious minute you deferr'd my happineſs, was greater loſs than Fortune could repay me, now 'tis your Charity——— I take it baſely, 'tis fifty Thouſand Pounds given as an Alms.

Mirtil. You are ſhrewdly hurt, to take the Alms of Love thus warmly heap'd in Gold———Come, come, you jeſt with me, you cannot leave me ſo.

Y. Mer. Not ſo, I've yet ſome generous ſervices to pay ye, when you are ſettled, then I'll tell ye more.

Mirtil. And more I hope to th' purpoſe.

Y. Mer. It may be ſo, mean time pleaſe to retire, here's Company coming, I ſhould be fool indeed, if I ſhould loſe thee for all my ſeeming [*Exit Mirtil.* ſullenneſs, I know ſhe's faſt, therefore play this game, that hereafter ſhe mayn't twit me with her benefits, Riches corrupt the Mind, ſome Women muſt be ſerv'd ſo.

Enter

Enter Amorous *laughing, with a Scrivener.*

Here comes *Amorous*, whose merry tone will be turn'd too very suddenly. Ha! *Jack*, well met; thou'rt very merry, I see, by which I guess the World goes well——hah——

Amor. Beyond my expectation, faith. Dear Rogue, I have stript *Jiltall*, taken away her Settlement, and torn it; and have now brought this honest Fellow with Deeds here that give me a thousand a year, which my Uncle has this night promis'd to Seal. Ha, ha, ha.

Y. Merr. So; why, thou wert wrapt in thy Mother's Smock, sure, for thy luck: But prithee what is become of the Jilt now?

Amor. Why, thou wilt find her selling of Walnuts by the Fleet Ditch within these two days; footing of Stockings is above her level; she has not left a Ninepence to buy Materials.

Enter Jiltall *richly dress'd, with* Oyley, *and three Footmen with Lights.*

Y. Merr. 'Dslife, prithee look, is not that she yonder?

Amor. No, that must be the Devil who has taken her likeness, and comes I believe with a design upon my Person. [*Stands amaz'd.*

Jilt. Methinks, *Oyley*, the Coach is not easie enough, I'll have the Cushions alter'd, and the Velvet finer; I'll have Six Horses too; I find every tawdry Gentlewoman has a couple.

Oyley. 'Tis true, Madam; and methinks your Ladyships Liveries are not fine enough neither.

Jilt. No, they have too much of the dull City Air; I'll make Sir *Rowland* change 'em. I'll have my Pages Coat cover'd with Gold Lace, and lin'd with Tissue.

Y. Merr. Is this she that was selling Walnuts by the Fleet Ditch?

Amor. Damn her, this can be nothing but bouncing; you shall see me go and teize her about the Settlement.

Jilt. What makes Sir *Rowland* stay so long, *Oyley*?

Oyley. He's only talking with Mr. *Dogsears* the Parson a little, Madam, he'll be with ye presently.

Amor. Hoh, old Acquaintance; what, I see thou keep'st up still, I see thou wilt not want Rigging whilst there's a Cully in the Town.

Jilt. What means the Fellow? Who is this Rascal, *Oyley*?

Oyley. Some pitiful Shaggrag or other, Madam, of *Alsatia*, that wants to be kick'd by your Ladyships Footmen.

Amor. Do I so, eternal Common-Shoar? No, they'll better serve for your Bitchships Recreation in the Larder at night. But, *Betty*, prithee why so resty? Lord, you Whores with Settlements are so proud, ha, ha, ha.

Jilt. If I did not know thee to be a Fool, and not worth a Groat, I would ruine thee for that word. Hark ye, do you pretend to know me, Sirrah?

Amor. Cry ye Mercy, faith, may be I am bewitched and mistaken:

but the Devil take me, if you do not look as like to a confounded Jilt of my acquaintance as one Thumb looks like another. Do'ſt hear, prithee, honeſt Fellow, who is that Lady? ha! [*To a Footman.*

Foot. Who is it? why, 'tis my Lady *Rakehell*: Sir *Rowland* will fleece your Coat, I can tell ye that, if he comes and ſees ye ſawcy with her.

Amor. Lady *Rakehell*, and Sir *Rowland*, what a Devil does this mean!

T. Mer. This cunning Jilt has counterplotted him, by Heaven; I find it.

Amor. Why, heark ye, Fubbs, prithee, how came thy Name to be alter'd? ha.

Jilt. 'Tis a diſgrace to me to tell thee; but ſince 'tis the only honour I ever intend to do thee, know, Sirrah, I'm your Aunt, I am married to your Uncle, Sirrah.

Amor. 'Oons, married to my Uncle!

Oyley. Ay, ay, married to your Uncle, Sirrah; what a Pox, won't the Fellow be anſwered?

Amor. 'Dsheart, ye Jade, deny it again, and quickly, or I will have no moe mercyon thee than—— [*Takes her by the Throat.*

Oyley. Help, help, Murder, Murder.

Enter Rakehell.

Rake. What's this I ſee, my Raſcally Nephew abuſing Miſtreſs *Oyley*? Sirrah, hands off, or I'll run my Sword in your Guts. What is your meaning for this, Rogue? ha!

Amor. Meaning, why, Sir, the impudent Queen would face me down that you were married to *Jilt all*, my *quondam* Whore there.

Rake. How, Sirrah, your Whore? Stand off, let me come to him, he ſhall never ſpeak again, by this Blade.

Jilt. Now for my laſt Game cunningly. [*Aſide.*
No, dear Sir *Rowland*, for my ſake ſpare him now, becauſe 'tis our Wedding day; 'tis true, he has been ſawcy, and wicked, ungracious, and impudent; but let him 'ſcape for once, do dear, ſweet, honey Sir *Rowland*. Alas! you know the poor Fellow is crack-brain'd.

[*She ſtrokes and fawns on Sir* Rowland.

Amor. Or ſhall be preſently, 'faith, if this hold.
Well, Sir, to the diſcovery of that another time: Here the Scrivener has brought the Deed you order'd; will you pleaſe to go in and Seal?

[*Shews the Deed, and* Rakehell *ſtrikes it out of his hand.*

Rake. Seal, 'oons ye Blockhead, I've married
The Heireſs, what a Devil ſhould I Seal?

Amor. Why to the thouſand pounds a year you promis'd me, what a plague have you forgot?

Rake. I'll not give thee a Groat, get the Pox, take the Highway, Rob, come to the Gallows, and be damn'd, a fair riddance——

Jilt. Alas, if my dear Husband here ſhould Seal to the Settlement, in one of your mad fits, Couſin, you'd tear it ſome time or other.

Amor. A Pox Couſin ye,—— I'me reſolv'd this Devil ſhall never carry

it

it off ſo, however; why then, Sir, I muſt tell ye, that you are cheated too, for ſhe's no more the right Heireſs than I am, but, as I told ye before, my Caſt off Wench, and her Name is *Filtall*———

Filt. Ay, make him believe that if thou canſt, Fool, [*Aſide to* Amorous. Ha, ha, ha, d'ye hear him, Sir, d'ye hear him?

Rake. Ay, ay—— A Pox on him, but I'll not endure this; I'll ſend the Dog to *Bedlam* to morrow——— but come, my Dear——— Supper ſtays for us——— thou'rt welcome now to thine own Houſe——— Sirrah, go and get open the Door.

[*Footman goes to the Door, and young* Merriton *interpoſes.*

Y. Mer. Who would you ſpeak with, Friend? Have you any buſineſs here———

Foot. Buſineſs here, Sir, yes that I have.

Y. Mer. To me then.

Foot. To you! I've nothing to ſay to you, my Buſineſs is with the Porter.

Y. Mer. I am the Porter.

Rake. How now, Sir, you the Porter, pray ſince when, I never entertain'd ye that I remember?

Y. Mer. The Lady of the Houſe has, that's enough, Sir.

Filt. Who, I? what does he mean, I never entertain'd him, not I.

Y. Mer. You never did, indeed; alas, how ſhould ye? you are not the Lady of the Houſe———

Rake. No, Sir, then I hope you'll give me leave to be Lord on't, I hope I may come in?

Y. Mer. Not a Foot further, Sir, my Lady has given orders to the contrary.

Rake. A pox on your Lady, what have I to do with her; 'oons, muſt not I bring my Wife into my own Houſe for her?

Y. Mer. You may if you pleaſe, Sir, but this is none of it, this is my Ladies Houſe.

Amor. I believe *Merriton* has contriv'd this trick for my ſake; come dear *Will*, ſhall I come in then, dear Rogue?

Y. Merr. Nor you neither, Sir, I muſt beg your pardon.

Amor. Pardon, prithee what doſt thou mean, is the Devil in thee?

Rake. Hey day! here's another Mad Puppy——— the Town ſwarms with 'em now as thick as Waſps in Summer; what hoa—— whoſe within there, Old *Merriton*——— Orthodox, Pew-pimp, where are ye in the Devil's Name?

Enter Old Merriton *with Guard at diſtance.*

O. Mer. To one of my Names I anſwer, what's your pleaſure, Sir?

Rake. 'Oons, to go in, Sir—— and to carry in this ſweet Lady, Sir, quick, quick, ye old Homily, I've wonders to tell thee, Rogue.

O. Mer. I have wonders to tell you, Sir *Rowland.*

Rake. A pox o'thy wonders, thou haſt 'em all out of the *Apocrypha*, I'll not hear one of 'em before Supper; 'sbud, open the Door there.

Filt.

Filt. What can be the meaning of this?

O. Mer. You will not force, Sir, into a Ladies Houſe without her leave?

Rake. A Ladies Houſe——— ha, ha, ha, old *Deutronomy*'s mad too, or has the old Hypocrite got a Whore into my Houſe, and lovingly given her the Poſſeſſion?

O. Mer. No, Sir, the Lady within is the right Owner of the Houſe, Sir *William Wealthy*'s Daughter; ſhe, you and I kidnabb'd to the *Indies*, Sir, who has, to tell you the truth, with my Aſſiſtance, now made hard ſhift to get back to ſeize her own.

Rake. Ha, ha, ha——— 'tis ſo, he's Craz'd, poor Religion is ſtark mad by this light, the owner within, ye lye, here ſhe ſtands; ſpeak, my Dear, art not thou the true Heireſs——— hah, prithee ſpeak and confound the ſilly Fellow.

Filt. Why then, if I muſt ſpeak, not I, Faith, Sir, therefore look to your ſelf.

Rake. Not the Heireſs, 'oons, what a Devil art thou then?

Oyley. A very good Gentlewoman, I aſſure ye, Sir *Rowland*—

Amor. I told ye once before, ſhe's an old acquaintance of mine, an admirable Backſword-player; 'tis true, ſhe's not worth a Groat, but ſhe can Knit well, or make Buttons: will you Seal yet, Sir?

Rake. Oh the Devil, I am chous'd, abus'd, undone!

O. Mer. A miſtake onely in the Woman, Sir, here comes a Lady will clear all:

Enter Mirtilla.

Your Guardian, Madam——— but perhaps you have forgot him.

Mirt. I have, but not his Vices, which I'll not reprove, becauſe I leave the Law to do it for me; in the mean time 'tis ſatisfaction for me that I dare ſeize my own.

Amor. My little pretty Tit of the Boarding-School, by all that's good, this ſubtle old Fellow, I find, has fooll'd me damnably.

Filt. Her own Furies and Hell, am I then gull'd at laſt?

Rake. 'Sbud draw, I'le make a forcible entry; I'll not be fool'd thus: Draw, Nephew, and I will Seal.

Amor. Not I; draw to *Newgate*, to *Tyburn*, be Condemned, Carted, Halter'd, Hoiſted and Hang'd, if you pleaſe, I'll not draw an inch, not I.

O. Mer. Oh, we are ready for ye, Sir; ſeiſe on him there, and ſecure him till the Law determine further. [*Conſtable and Guard ſeize* Rake. And now y'are ham[illegible]'d, Sir, know that our former Agreement of Spiriting away to th' *Indies* this young Lady, the right Heireſs to Sir *William Wealthy*, was always odious to me, which I had then diſcover'd and ſecur'd her, had I not known your crowded Coffers would have out-talk'd my honeſty, I therefore took this way, and ſeeming readily to pack her off, convey'd her privately to a Boarding-School, where the two hundred pounds a year allow'd me for that honourable Action, I have faithfully laid out on her in Breeding, thus ſav'd her from your miſchievous Intentions, and well rewarded in the grateful Action.

Rake.

Rake. I have made a fine days work of this! not ſo much for loſing three thouſand a year, as for marrying a three pil'd Whore for an Heireſs——— but there's one Comfort ſtill, ſhe is not like to get a Groat by me.

Jilt. If I had known that, I'de as ſoon have married the Hangman.

Amor. What does your Ladyſhip think of a Page now, cover'd with Gold-lace, and lin'd with Tiſſue.

Jilt. I'de Poiſon him, as I would thee and all the World.

Oyley. If I did not dream of Woollen Stockens laſt night, I'me no Chriſtian.

Mirt. The Houſe I ſtand poſſeſs'd of, and the Writings, which give me Title as my Fathers Heir, all which, Sir, * being about to chooſe me a new Guardian, I have offer'd, nay, with my ſelf, to an ungrateful Man that has refus'd me.

* *To old* Mer.

O. Mer. And has he his Wits left? [*Frowning on his Son.*

Amor. Whoever, Madam, that ſtupid Creature is, you ſhall find me more tractable, and if you pleaſe, you may remember, Madam——

[*Brisking up to her,* Y. Mer. *interpoſes.*

Y. Mer. Oh, Sir! this is a Jem too rich to loſe; and, as you ſay, he muſt be very ſtupid, that, kindly proffer'd can deny to wear it—— I hope, I may ſucceed, Madam. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Mirt. I need not ſpeak, my heart too much pleads for ye.

Amor. Pox, fopp'd again, the Devil's in my Fortune, hark'e, Sir, you have chous'd me finely here. [*To old* Mer.

O. Mer. Onely Wit outwitted, *Jack,* no chouſe, I onely diverted thee a little, for my Son's ſake; thou know'ſt Natural Affection is unblameable.

Amor. Diverted me! a pretty Epithete, he has diverted me from fifty thouſand pounds, with a Pox to him; a fine diverſion indeed——— A plague of my ſhallow Pate.

O. Mer. Mr Conſtable, there's your Warrant, go and ſecure Sir *Rowland* till further order; Crimes of this nature muſt not be wink'd at, nor can I refuſe my Evidence, and be honeſt.

Rake. Honeſt! a Fellow with a Face of thy Levitical Cut, honeſt! and a Rogue that knows too, there's no ſuch thing in Nature.

O. Mer. No.

Rake. No! does not the Forreigner cheat the Country, the Country cheat the City, the City cheat the Courtier, the Courtier cheat the King, the Robber cheat the Fur-Coat, the Fur-Coat cheat the Red-Coat, the Red-Coat cheat the Petty-Coat, the Petty-Coat cheat the Black-Coat, and the Black-Coat cheat us all! and yet thou prateſt of Honeſty, Honeſty; prithee Cant, Pray on, and be damn'd, for that thou wilt come too for all thy Honeſty; and ſo farewel. [*Is carried off.*

Amor. Godbuy Uncle, here's my Settlement in a fine Condition.

Y. Mer. Well *Jack,* thou ſhalt be no loſer by my Fortune, I know thy Ravenous Uncle has ſuck'd up a great part of thy Eſtate by means unjuſt, which we'll return, and ſet thee up anew; ſee, *Betty* ſmiles at that.

Amor.

Amor. And ſhall we fawn, and ſtroke, and kiſs, and ſpett at one another again? Hah, my dear, dear, damn'd Crockadile, hah!

[*Embracing her firſt, then frowns.*

Oyley. Plague on 'em, they laugh at us; come away, Madam.

Filt. I come; but I'm reſolv'd I'le leave one ſwinging Curſe behind me firſt.
May Whores loſe thee, and all thy Race, Salvation;
Breed want, the Pox, Murder, and Deſolation;
And damn ye to the twentieth Generation. [*Exit.*

Amor. Ha, ha, ha; Adieu Buttock; and Gad little did I think that ever I ſhould have had the Heart to have ſaid ſo; but come, there's an end on't. How now, who have we here, more Houſe-warmers?

Enter L. Addleplott, *L.* Stroddle, *Nicompoop*, *Le* Prat, *and* Tearſhift.

L. Addle. Where is this Wretch, this degenerate Creature, that is ſo eager for Man before ſhe is capable, this Cub of thirteen, with the Devil in her already? Where muſt I find her? ha!

Nicom. This is the Houſe, an't pleaſe your Ladiſhip.

L. Prat. Dis is de Houſe begar of Sir *Rowland Rakehell.*

Y. Merr. Begar you lie; and therefore ſtand further off: Hey, what a Plague, d'ye come to beſiege my Houſe?

L. Prat. Your Houſe, Morbleau? but dat is ver ſtrange.

Y. Merr. Oh, Sir, ſtrange and true! Therefore dance your diſtance.

L. Addle. I hope you are not acceſſary to the Childrens Rape, Sir?

Y. Merr. Not I, Faith; all your Ladyſhips Children have a better faculty themſelves than to want Acceſſaries.

L. Addle. Very well, Sir; you may chance to ſwing for this; for my Daughter is an Heireſs.

Y. Merr. Oh, I'll venture that; they are within there with two honeſt ingenuous young Fellows, who I think are married to 'em; and for my part I could not civilly deny 'em the protection of my Houſe. See, I ſuppoſe they have heard your voice, and are come of their own accord.

Enter Jenny, Molly, Coopee, Semibreif, *and* Parſon.

L. Addle. Ay, ay, there has been ſome miſchief done, I'm ſure, for yonder's a Parſon with 'em.

L. Addle. D'ye know your Mother, Huſſie? Come hither.

Jenny. Oh, but I won't tho, you'll whip me.

Nicom. And haſt thou ungraciouſly taken Man without my leave, *Molly*?

Molly. Yes indeed have I, therefore hold your ſelf contented.

Semibr. Ay, ay, well ſaid, my Dear. [*Huggs her.*

Jenny. However, whereof I am married, pray, the Man ask'd Mr. *Coopee* a Queſtion, and he ſaid, ay; and then he ask'd me a Queſtion, and I ſaid, ay; and then we both joyned hands together, and ſo we were married as faſt as any thing. [Coopee *huggs her.*

L. Addle.

L. Addle. You have not consummated the Jade, and therefore I'll unmarry you again.

Parson. Verily, they have done as became them both, I was an eye witness.

L. Strod. An eye witness! there's a pimping fanatical Rogue for you now.

Molly. Ivads I like it very well, I wish I had been married sooner for my part, for I begin to love Mr. *Semibrief* since we bedded better than my bread and butter by half.

L. Addle. This comes of putting Girls to a Boarding School.

Nicom. Ay, they hop and dance till they set their blood on fire, and then they quench it with the next puddle they come at seriously.

Shout within.] A Rogue, a Fryer, down with him, down with him.

Enter Old Bragg *in a Fryers habit, the Mobb after him, and* Young Bragg *as their Captain.*

Old Bragg. Help, help, Murder, Murder, I'm pursued, I'm taken, I'm kill'd help help.

Young Bragg. Oh we'll bring you to life again presently you old Scoundrel.

Merr. There's money for ye, I'll purchase his Liberty for once; and d'ye hear, yonder's a better subject for you by half, my Lady there; now you have a rare time to revenge your self, and seize on her and her Party; I know they're hatching something against the Government.

Young Bragg. I'll do't, fall on friends —— By your leave Madam, I must secure you, you have done as much for me you know many a time: 'tis true, yours was a fairer way, but we Politicians must not value Niceties of honour; we have an Advantage, therefore I, the Blacksmith and Captain confine you Prisoner to the State.

Mobb. And I the Chimney-sweeper a Lieutenant, justifie him in't.

L. Addle. Nay I know the Government's afraid of me, I have been told as much; but for thy own part, look to't that I don't meet thee hereafter, for if I do, if there be a Capon in Christendom I'll make thee one; Ill teach you to disarm the Colonel of the Ladies, you limberham' Rascal you.

L. Strod. If ever we live to see good days again, look to your selves, Rebels.

Le Prat. Or twenty towsand French upon *London bridge*, as *Notredame* assure us --- den you shall see vat de French can do; den Mortbleau you shall see de great Monarch ——

Young Bragg. Ah, stop his mouth there, down with him a French Rascal.

Nicom. Well, I hope we shall have peace for all this, for I am weary of my Buff seriously.

Old Bragg. And so am I of my Sables, here I'm sure 'dsdeath could they find no other way to disgrace me, but to stink me with an old Fox Hide, and choak me up in the Fur of a Fryer; now shall I stink of Popery for this Month at least, which is a worse smell to me then an Old Jew that is telling a Story, and has just relish'd his Mouth with a Clove of Garlick.

Old Merr. Come Madam your Supper is ready within, where you shall give me leave to drink Prosperity to the King and Government, not forgetting some new Consummations.

Amor. And if I do happen to be drunk with toping thine and thy bleſſings Health, there thou'lt be ſo kind, Friend, as to remember the Mortgage in the Morning, hah ----

Young Merr. Oh never doubt me, I'll not break my Word, ---- and now ſweet Angel, my Joys crowd thick about my Heart, and long for vent, the approaching happineſs looks ſo like Heaven that I methinks am extaſied already.

Mirtil. Nor is my ſhare of vaſt Content leſs charming.

In Fortunes brigheſt Sphere of Bliſs I move,
Enjoying Wealth enough, and him I Love.

[Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. *Mountford* and Mrs. *Butler*.

Bu. D'ye hear me Mr. Mountford, pray come back, D'ye know what I've done here?

Moun. Yes, play'd a Crack.

Butl. A Crack, what's that?

Moun. Piſh, leave your bantring ſtuff. (enough. I'm ſure you know what th' word means well

Butl. Not I, unleſs 'tis thoſe that hunt rich heirs At Covent Garden Church, at Morning pray'rs.

Moun. Pray'rs Child, no, no, yow true bred Cracks ne'er pray,
Their Talent's exercis'd another way;
In ſhort, thou haſt abus'd a Generation
Of female Vipers in a common Station,

Butl. That is, I have abus'd Sir, half the Nation.
Nay ſome perhaps that take the thing to heart.
I think I was bewitch'd to play the part.

Moun. Pray what have you done more to ſhew their follies
Than I have done t'expoſe the keeping Cullies?
The Satyr in my Part makes equal ſport
As th' Poet thinks,

Butl. Ay, th' Devil take him for't.
When one Dutch Lover in a keeping way
One month is better than a twelvemonths play,

Moun. Is it ſo faith?

Butl. Yes, as I make 'em pay.

Moun. Well, here are other things to make amends,
Mirtilla's part muſt get him Female friends.
A rampant Wife is well expos'd to view,
And not ill drawn, a ſneaking Cuckold too.
I can't imagine where that Satyr hooks,
I can find no ſuch Cuckold here by's looks;

Moun. Yes fifty in that upper Row Gadzooks.
Rich Goldſmiths, Mercers, Taylors, Brewers, Bakers,

Butl. And what are theſe [Pointing to the Pit.

Moun. Oh theſe are Cuckold makers,
Who o'er that Tribe ſtill bear preheminence,
For you muſt know there's as much difference
Between the Horner and the hen-peck'd Drudge
As is between a Tipſtaffe and a Judge.

Butl. Well, theſe abuſive Jeſts will never do,
The Audience hates 'em;

Moun. That's a ſign they're true.

Butl. 'Dſlife 'tis enough to cry the Playhouſe down,
Lee's part and mine abuſes half the Town.

Moun. Good Satyr's no abuſe.

Butl. Not where the laſh is felt?
Faith Monford thou'rt a Coxcomb.

Moun. You're a Jilt.

Butl. Made ſo here, only by a Poet's pen;
Send him his part, I'll never play't again.
[Throws away the part, and *Exit.*

Mountford *to the Audience.*

This is a Trick, and done, or I'm a Chouſt,
To get a greater penſion from the Houſe;
I therefore, on the Author's part appear
To beg excuſe for th' Entertainment here:
And now I from my Wife ſome time can borrow,
I'll ſwinge her — but I'll make her play't —

On Thurſday.

FINIS.